THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume XI — New York, Wednesday, February 5, 1930 — Number 14

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Published weekly and copyrighted 1929, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

AT LONDON

THE major result of the Naval Conference so far may well be the fact that a good many persons in the United States were willing to get up at five o'clock in order to hear King George open it. But it would be especially hazardous, remembering America's deep affection for European royalty, to put this down as an indication of the public's interest in the events at London. The open letter columns in diverse newspapers prove that such an interest happily does exist. When it seemed apparent that the problem of capital ships was throwing a smoke-screen over the rest of the conference, letters demanding that cruisers be dealt with first, and battle-ships later, left little space for the daily disputes on prohibition. Of course it is the only point raised as yet on which a really acrimonious letter can be written.

We confess that this new problem of precedence does not seem fatefully important to us. Battle-ships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines—which shall sit first and which last, is no great matter. Somehow or other the imagination of this conference has been excited by the opportunity of cutting down the big ships, and it might be poor sea strategy to call off the delegates while they are hot on this trail. Another time might not be so advantageous. The objection raised is that if the nations effect substantial economies in battle-ships, they will not be interested in limiting cruisers. They will have saved enough money to build cruisers, and then some. They will sniff at us, who want cruiser competition stopped. Well if the conference is to proceed in this mood, it may as well adjourn tomorrow. This is the temper which leads to war, not to peace.

What should be understood at this time, and what many of us seem to be failing to grasp at all, is the fact that in any concession to the hope of disarmament the United States has everything to gain and nothing to lose. What if some nation does come out of the conference with a slight theoretical disadvantage? How much is risked by accepting it for the time being? Any agreement which may eventually be written as the result of the present meeting is not likely to be more than a five-year agreement. A longer period would be unwise. The problems of defense change so rapidly these days, subject to every advance in airplane, ship and gun construction, that no one desires a more permanent settlement. In five years we can all learn whether or not we care to enter into another. What is most urgent, then, is that this five-year agreement

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shall be made successful. We must give it a chance to be the second of a series of short-term agreements, adapted to the times, which may establish irrefutably the principle that armaments can be controlled.

That is why, as the Naval Conference proceeds, we are coming to attach more and more importance to the French argument against a rigid fixing of tonnage in the four main categories of fighting ships. Their contention is that a 25 percent leeway should be permitted to transfer tonnage from one class to another with the understanding that other nations be given due notice of the change. The effect of an agreement on this would be all for the best, and we hope that the representatives of other powers will join the American delegation in supporting it. There would be less likelihood of complaint from any power that its hands have been tied, or that it has been kept within too narrow limits. There is a comfortable looseness about such an arrangement which ought to commend itself to this conference especially.

Furthermore the French thesis is an admirable complement to Secretary Stimson's opening statement that "If any one of us leaves this conference feeling that his country has been forced into an unfavorable agreement, our chief purpose will not have been obtained." What flexibility of tonnage can do is to lessen the chance that six months after the conference has ended, or a year later, any nation will find the agreement too irksome to continue. And certainly no suggestion which opens up such an opportunity is empty of value. Japan, for instance, is content at present with 60 percent of the United States's battle-ship strength, but she wants 70 percent of our cruiser strength. Very probably she will get what she wants, if we interpret properly the attitude at London. But suppose that two years from now she should change her mind. Suppose that she should wish to reverse these ratios, by shifting tonnage from cruisers to battle-ships. We believe the agreements should be flexible enough to permit her to do this. If they are not, she will come to the next general conference, in 1936, let us say, in a much less amiable frame of mind, suspicious of armament agreements, and perhaps ready to scrap them.

WEEK BY WEEK

NOWHERE else in the world are the effects of destitution more noticeable than in Porto Rico, and nowhere else are the people less responsible for their plight. Industrially the island is dependent upon a few staple crops, and a teeming native population can make little enough out of them. The recent hurricane must be blamed, however, for a large portion of the prevailing distress. Homes, plantations and public buildings were all swept away by the storm, leaving misery and hopelessness behind. The governor-general, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, has called the attention of the United States to the situation and has advocated generous subsidies for charitable organizations in the field. Recently the matter was discussed from another point of view by the Right Reverend Aloysius Willinger, of the Redemptorists, who has lately been consecrated bishop of Ponce. He substantiated Colonel Roosevelt's conclusions, described the destitution of the children in touching language, and noted that damage to ecclesiastical property has been estimated at $500,000. In order that something might be done in the name of the Church, the Catholic Porto Rican Child Welfare Association has been organized in the city of New York with the Reverend Frederick J. Toomey in charge of its work.

Human Welfare in Porto Rico

THE importance of the effort thus planned is apparent. Practically the entire population of Porto Rico is nominally Catholic, and observers say that the people have remained loyal to the Church despite the dearth of priests and the abundance of other obstacles to religious progress. At present there is a crying need for schools and churches, none of which the natives themselves are able to erect. During the past few years Protestant missionary activity on the island has greatly increased, it being estimated that hundreds of workers are in the field. Many of these are amply provided with funds and are building up a welfare program which earns popular good-will. The Catholic duty is obviously to accomplish at least just as much, with the aid of generous donations from the United States. There is not a little glamour about Porto Rico. It is the only one of our dependencies which Christopher Columbus visited, and the first Catholic bishop established there was consecrated in 1512.

Quarrels in South America

THE debate between Paraguay and Bolivia over the Chaco Boreal region grows more acrimonious. Paraguay notifies the League of Nations that a surprise attack has been made by a Bolivian patrol; Bolivia denies it and declares that Paraguay is establishing an excuse for an attack. Paraguay announces that Bolivia is mobilizing; Bolivia denies it, and finds evidence that Paraguay desires to evade the Washington protocol. Fifty years ago they would have been fighting long before the quarrel had developed to this point. They may fight yet, for we think that Geneva is overly optimistic in looking upon Paraguay's report as a gesture of obedience to the League, and an indication that the council's intervention in the dispute last year is still effective. Paraguay has too much at stake in the Chaco to let the settlement hang fire. Perhaps she is pressing for an adjustment of her claims in the way she thinks most effective; if so, it is a dangerous gamble. And if she is sincere in her desire to prevent a war, she may wake up any of these days to wish that she had waited. For the present we are most concerned about the lack of word or sign from Uruguay, which is responsible to the

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Pan-American conference for execution of the protocol. If the League is forced to intervene again without an appeal being made to it the Pan-American conference is sure to lose prestige.

CHICAGO'S situation would be more amusing if it did not come so perilously close to a complete breakdown of the functions of government. Apparently Mr. Strawn's rescue fund is the only guarantee that the police and fire departments, schools, hospitals and asylums, will not cease to operate, or at least that their activities will not be greatly curtailed. Things are so desperate that Cook County has voted to pay its employees in tax anticipation warrants, which will have about as much value as a German mark had in 1924, once they are offered to the grocer. And the city is thinking of adopting the same plan to meet its unpaid salaries, which now amount to more than $4,000,000. What makes the situation more shameful is the fact that it has not been unexpected. Since early fall the world at large has known that Chicago was wobbling on its pins, and everyone on the ground must have been aware of the threat of collapse long before that. The crisis has been precipitated by the fact that real estate taxes have not been collected for twenty months, due to a property reassessment which is not yet completed. Mayor Thompson and his friends have hard words to say about "reformers" who forced this reassessment, which reduces valuations in the business district by $300,000,000; and the newspapers speak of graft and waste in the City Hall. It is easy enough to blame either side. If Chicago's officials have been operating on the wildest sort of financing, very thrilling to watch—not a civic policy, but a game of chance—the only move made to head them off was to cripple the city's revenues. It is as though the Philistines had shaken down the temple in order to throttle Samson.

Samson in Chicago

DURING the week there has been a great increase in congressional and allied remarks on the prohibition question. The wets in the House marshaled courage and attacked with addresses and resolutions. Meanwhile the Senate was busy with plans for writing at least a few of the Enforcement Commission's proposals into law. To how large an extent these proposals are open to debate appears from a spirited exchange of views between Professor Howard Lee McBain, of Columbia University, and Mr. George Wickersham in the New York World. Referring to the congestion now created by prohibition cases brought to judicial book, the Commission argued that the trouble lay in "the necessity of proceeding by indictment in all cases, except for maintenance of a nuisance or for unlawful possession, is a serious handicap for dealing with major infractions and makes the handling of minor infractions perfunctory." Professor McBain contends that the courts already construe almost all violations of Volsteadism as maintenance of nuisance or unlawful possession, so that the proposed remedy would have little effect upon the situation—unless the machinery devised by the Commission leads to the appearance of new evils.

The Excitement Grows

THIS new mechanical invention operates as follows: the offense is gauged according to the "quantity" of liquor sold, transported or possessed; in all "small" transactions, the guilty shall be tried by a commissioner unattended by a jury; the said guilty, if convicted, may appeal for a trial by jury; and the final disposition of the case is in the hands of the district attorney. In our opinion Professor McBain rightly questions the legitimacy and efficacy of these proposals. After the accused has been tried without jury for a minor offense, he has the power to declare that he has really been corralled for a felony. The event, we are told, "depends entirely upon the disposition or digestion of the district attorney; for certainly, if summary procedure is constitutionally valid at all, it is valid only because the offense is in point of fact of a very minor character." Practically, therefore, the suggestion amounts to giving the aforementioned district attorney power to change his mind—with the connivance of the accused. It is no doubt the Commission's point of view that guilty parties would not invite trial for a felony if they could escape with trial for a misdemeanor, and that only the innocent would apply for a new hearing. But it seems obvious that the result can hardly prove to be a paring down of contemporary judicial business, despite the fact that a wholly novel mortal—the commissioner—has been seated upon the bench of justice.

COMMUNISM, and those in this country who believe in it, seldom achieve more than passing notice in our press save on the occasion of such a riot as occurred recently in front of New York's City Hall. Surprisingly this truism, with its more causative corollary based on martyr-to-the-cause psychology, fails frequently to affect the police seemingly bent on meriting the opprobrious epithet, "cossacks." The demonstration is the favorite Communist method of procedure. Left to themselves, 200 agitators could obviously create considerable trouble. The city code limits unlicensed outdoor meetings. New York's finest were empowered to disperse an assemblage met to protest against the police shooting of one of their numbers. The reds congregated. Then at the first display of banners, previously hidden under coats, the officers, almost equal in number, swept into action. Unfortunately a Communist has a striking physical resemblance to a conservative; and so both alike felt the nightstick's blow. Many innocent bystanders had a sample of official brutality, numerous injured were carted away to the hospitals, the agitators

The Police and Mobs

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added new names to their list of heroes and the police retired sheepishly to their station houses. The entire episode, from the Communists' standpoint, was far more effective than any amount of oratorical or placard display could have been. We sympathize with those who meet unrestrained opposition in line of duty. It is hard to maintain even tempers when set upon by a mob of youths, girls and women. But the police always fail pitifully when they attempt to match violence with violence.

NOT many forms of charity have greater appeal or value than offering assistance to unfortunate or destitute mothers. A woman giving a child to the world is in especial need of kindliness, and the fate of her little one often hinges upon whether or not the proper care is afforded at the time of birth. The Guild of the Infant Saviour, a Boston association of Catholic women, has devoted itself to this form of benevolence with an enthusiasm worthy to be termed exemplary. During the past twenty-four years it has looked after thousands of mothers and children. Working under the direction of the Catholic Charitable Bureau, it has collected really imposing sums for the purpose it has adopted. Part of this money accrues through payment of membership fees, but a large portion is earned through affairs which the Guild sponsors. The result is a sweetening of the hearts and lives of very many poor women, the sustenance of babies and the spiritual improvement of souls in a measure beyond reckoning. It is to be hoped that the Guild will eventually have its counterpart in virtually every American community, so that Christian charity will nowhere be shamed by its failure to accomplish a task which He Who loved both mothers and little ones must surely consider essential.

For Destitute Mothers

IT IS a little difficult to put credence in the report that when the Massachusetts Minimum Wage Commission rebuked Harvard for employing scrubwomen at something less than what is considered a living wage, the university cleared itself of reproach by firing the scrubwomen. It sounds too much like a variation of those nature stories which come so frequently from New England, the pattern of which is to endow some animal with characteristics not proper to its kind. Thus, whenever news is scarce in New England, we expect to hear of the horse that eats raw beef, or the rooster that lays eggs. News must be scarce there now. For who does not know how ably the universities of this country spread the doctrines which led to the formation of Minimum Wage Commissions? What freshman in economics has not been impressed over and over by man's right to a living wage? A university in opposition to the principle of the minimum wage? Harvard underpaying its scrubwomen Tut! We don't believe it.

Wages at Harvard

EVEN the driest Americans when in Paris neglect the Louvre and the Madeleine for the boulevard wines and champagnes. So, somewhat in a spirit of tributary reciprocity, Monsieur Zelli, operator of a famous night club in the French capital, visits our metropolis and seeks out the national drink. Not grape juice, it is to be noticed. Nor bootleg products, which he unequivocally and indiscriminately calls "poison." But water. "The drinking water is the best I have ever tasted," he declared ecstatically. "No bottled waters in Europe compare with what gushes right out of the taps here. It is as good as champagne! And it is free! What a country!" And what a lesson his words are to Americans! Truly a sense of natural blessings is lost in familiarity. How much more felicitous to refresh our foreign guests by tapping a mountain reservoir instead of a keg of Pennsylvania beer! Again how neglectful we are of economic advantages. Surely for every case of continental liquor smuggled into this country, we could export a shipful of the finest bottled croton. And finally, if like the Parisian, we had to buy good water, what then would become of our Mr. Volstead?

Back to America for Water

WHEN Willem Mengelberg made his farewell appearance in New York as director of symphonic music, he chose the form of a concert in which all his best gifts were brought to the fore. Those qualified to discuss the virtues of melody affirm that he supervised strings and bassoons with rare understanding and verve. The question therefore suggests itself: why must a man so genuinely qualified for musical leadership be lost to America? It is certain that Mengelberg's effectiveness and popularity waned considerably during recent seasons. The Philharmonic Symphony simply could entrust him with its destinies no longer. No doubt the cause must be found, in part, where Signor Toscanini begins. This incomparable Italian, having an energy quite individual, blazed a trail which a relatively surfeited public was eager to follow; and the more meditative Mengelberg probably saw his own tranquil paths deserted in a way that meant bitterness of soul. It is a pity that this should have been so, even as it was a pity years ago that Farrar left the opera. But it is the inevitable result of present conditions in music, where the only harmony discernible is in the composer's score. The historian who told us all about it would have an almost incredibly rich and intricate subject. It may, of course, be true that we are advancing toward deeper understanding and more unbiased appreciation of melody. Mr. Olin Downes believes that the radio has been an important educative instrument, which will help to mold the future. It may, he declares optimistically, force popular theatre managers to get rid of "canned music" which a million devotees of broadcasted programs know is banal and raucous. Orchestra after

Exit a Music-Master

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orchestra, opera company after opera company, would therefore be destined to flourish, modestly in some cases, luxuriously in others. Gifted musicians might escape from the calamitous routine in which so many of them now succumb to boredom, hot tempers and envies unrestrained. But we are still a long way from these delectable mountains and the air in the valleys is not so very good.

Suggestion for Sky-scrapers

WE HAVE had so many uncharitable things to say about the 40 percent tariff on carillons that we should be remiss in our duty if we did not now thank the Senate for its gratifying action in voting to admit large carillons (*thirty or more* bells) free of duty when intended for schools or religious institutions. But this is not all. Senator Fletcher, whose amendment to return the duties already collected on large carillons was ruled out of order with the tariff bill, has announced that he will offer it as an amendment to the appropriation bill for the Treasury Department. We hope that he can manage to see it through, for we wish to encourage those philanthropists who have already donated imported carillons to continue the practice. Incidentally we have a suggestion for Mr. Alfred E. Smith. Whether or not he succeeds in adorning his new Empire State building with a mooring mast for dirigibles, we think he should seriously consider the installation of carillons. Skyscrapers are pushing up and up. The Empire State building will not long enjoy the distinction of the world's tallest, but the honor of being the first to have carillons could never be taken from it. The habit of music, like the habit of height, would spread. Higher and higher buildings; bigger and better carillons. A set in the tower of every skyscraper in New York. That would be something for the city of the not distant future.

Not Relief but Advice

FARMERS during the past twelve months have experienced severe disillusionments in Congress. Nor does the report just issued by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics of the Department of Agriculture, in coöperation with representatives of agricultural colleges and extension services of state and federal farm boards, present a cheerful picture. "With the purchasing power of consumers in 1930 somewhat reduced below 1929," it states, "farmers need to follow a rather conservative production policy. This is a year when it is particularly desirable for each farmer to estimate his probable income in view of the price outlook for each of his products, and to plan his production expenditures accordingly." Unfortunately advice, even good advice, is a sorry substitute for relief. But if the latter is lacking the farmer can do no better than to follow suggestions which are made by those well fitted to make them and the value of which he himself realizes in his more analytical moments. This is particularly true when it comes to problems of overproduction. Too often the history of coöperation to prevent such a condition results in public agreement to plant less of given products and a private failure to live up to that agreement. It should be obvious that the time for each farmer to do as he likes independently of his fellow has passed. He must realize that economically he fits into a broad scheme and that if he sows with an eye to market perspectives he will reap where others less foresighted will leave a worthless crop rotting in the fields.

Rates on Airways

REDUCTION of rates on the more important airways this year to something like first-class railroad fares ought to help commercial aviation to stagger out of the woods. Anyway, it is about the only thing left to try. Postmaster-general Brown has just issued a statement that planes carried paying loads of only 16 to 40 percent of their capacity during the last fiscal year, and that all lines showed operating deficits so great "that the very life of the passenger transport industry is in the balance." If so few persons flew in 1929, it is principally but not altogether because there is yet no general confidence in flying. It is at least partly because many who are not afraid to fly have not had money enough to do so. Commercial aviation in this country appears to be as far advanced in the way of equipment as it is anywhere. It has prepared carefully for success. It has the lines, the schedules, the airports, the pilots. It has everything except passengers. One way to get them is to put the service within their reach.

DOM PERIGNON

RECENTLY a letter written to the New Republic put forward the opinion that prohibition is really a Catholic device, owing to the fact that "so many other prohibitory and restrictive laws still find a natural home" in the Church. One of the most amiable commentaries on this queer notion we have seen is the address delivered by Dom Chauvin, prior of Sainte-Marie in Paris, on the occasion of the third centenary of Dom Pérignon. This wholly lovable though austere Benedictine, in charge of the cellar at Hautvillers, invented champagne. He is therefore entitled not merely to homage but to a homily as well. Few men have so well combined genius and sanctity. When one bears in mind that France is now offering a prize for a respectable drinking song, averring that nothing worthy of the cause has been written for fifty years, one sees to what depths modern civilization has tumbled. Dom Pérignon not only invented champagne, but devised the proper kind of bottle for its keeping and just the right glass from which to quaff its bubbling deliciousness. Moreover he was a writer of parts.

It seems as if this great Benedictine cellarer had first (roughly speaking, about 1650) succeeded in

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making a wine "of a whiteness and a limpidity never known before." Then, in a manner we cannot explain, he suddenly hit upon the recipe which made his district famous, moved the gourmets to tears of joy, and paved the way for an industrial success which the rest of the world has envied. "The cellarer of Hautvillers," says Dom Chauvin, "had reason to rejoice. He had managed to create the one among all the products of France which best exhibits the qualities of the land. Limpidity, light, finesse, vivacity, charm, a touch of malice, the feeling for nuances, verve, warmth that is cordial but nevertheless delicate and discreet—does not the whole of France smile radiantly in the glass, when a bottle of champagne is opened?" To all of which we say Amen.

Dom Chauvin, however, took advantage of his opportunity. Had not the Benedictine attitude toward wine been misunderstood? The monks were, of course, interested in preparing the best obtainable sacramental wine. Nothing could be too good, too pure, for the chalice brimming, after consecration, with the Blood of Christ. But Saint Benedict was also a prudent ruler, who may be said to have abolished in his communities the legislation with which the Egyptian anchorites had anticipated Mr. Volstead. "Although we read that wine is not at all a becoming beverage for monks," he said, "it is certain that men of our time will not accept this doctrine; and so we agree that it should be drunk moderately, not to satiety, because it has the power of bowling over even the sage." The Rule declares that one "hemine" of wine shall suffice for a day; and of course there has been a great deal of argument about the dimensions of the unknown "hemine." Some would have it no bigger than a thimble; for others it is a veritable schooner. More important possibly was Saint Benedict's idea of what the cellarer should be like: "Wise, mature of character, a man fearing God, who shall be to the whole community as a father." Indeed only the abbot has more importance than this custodian of the vaults.

After this it is important to get one's bearings. "Far be it from me," declared Dom Chauvin, "to pronounce a eulogy of gourmandise. That, you are aware, is excess. And Saint Thomas, who is likely to be strict in such matters, arrived at this very sensible conclusion: 'the vice of gluttony does not lie in the quality of that which one consumes, but in concupiscence not regulated by reason.' One is therefore permitted to take pleasure in a savory meal, and I believe the same principle may be applied to the wine served with that meal. And experience teaches us that all who really know vintages are sober men." Once again ignorance is the source of woe. And it is truly and justly to be feared that after another possible decade of prohibition, not a sober person will remain in all the breadth of these United States.

But we hasten back to Dom Pérignon, who was in every respect an admirable religious. He served as cellarer during forty-seven years, which is all the recommendation his character requires. Forty-seven years of executive endeavor completely satisfactory to his brethren! "Providence showered upon him the supreme grace of a retreat preparatory for death," we are told. "He became completely blind. Having leisure for pleasant meditation, he could review in the presence of God the years of service he had rendered, thinking over the trials through which he passed and the blessings with which he had been favored. Finally, at the age of seventy, he went to sleep peacefully in the Lord, while the reign of Louis XIV was closing in melancholy pain." And really: was it not better to have bottled up the sun, in honor of the Creator of all good things, than to have sat as "roi du soleil" on a plush-covered throne? We shall drink (when we can) to the memory of Dom Pérignon. And may those who write letters to the New Republic be confounded in their ignorance.

THE NINETEEN-TWENTIES

MANY people will go on smoking their pipes in solid comfort unmindful of what the culture and books of the last decade have been. Nor will worry about the thirties now safely introduced spoil for them as much as a single puff. In the long run they are perhaps the sages of their time. If one has a vision of sanctity, Thomas à Kempis's scorn of human dialectic is surely an advantage; and if one be of the earth earthy, the virtues of the pumpkin's attitude toward existence are obvious. What follows is written for the in-betweens—the unhappy who ruminate upon the drift of ideas and the antics of the creative artist; who enjoy taking the intellectual temperature of American society; and who, sometimes quite unconsciously, yearn for the especial gifts of the Holy Ghost.

It is no slight task which an editorial in the January Bookman sets for itself. There an analysis of the literary effort of the past decade leads to the conclusion that numberless uproars and rebellions—the works of Mencken, Dreiser, Huneker, Brooks, Waldo Frank inter aliis—were caused by romantic neuralgias in disguise. The hope lies in the rekindled star of humanism, chief inhabitants of which are Doctors Babbitt and More. "The new decade's tone will be vastly different, but no less interesting; and rather more important," Mr. Collins feels. We shall agree with him with moderation. That is all we can do. Our faith in his star is still not untroubled with doubt. America needs something to follow, steadily and enthusiastically. And we wonder if Professor Babbitt will really get it out of its chair.

The twenties cannot as yet be thoroughly diagnosed. But if they are examined a little carefully they will reveal two major social tendencies which in the end seem to have got into something very like a clinch. The first was a drift toward nationalization of the American enterprise. In economics the thing began with the income tax legislation, which for the first time

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brought the federal government into direct contact with the individual citizen. It then moved on toward paternalism, massing pleas for labor legislation that were finally tested by government operation of the railroads during war time. Next in order was the draft law, which bowled over Daniel Webster's notion of constitutionality and sent every determined antagonist either into Leavenworth or (with milder eventuality) into the Republican party. Suddenly morals hove into the limelight, enunciating the fallacy that prohibition was a constitutional enactment. Finally the unification of all mundane interests in "prosperity" —an entity underwritten by the national authority— evoked a harmony comparable with nothing save the modern organ which can intertwine its own majestic bass with mimicries of the lute, the trombone and the mocking-bird.

Opposed to this, however, was a constant if quite helpless plea for freedom. The income tax occasioned relatively little worry, because the innately rebellious had no personal reasons for thinking about it. Everybody mistrusted promises of what government control of industry might really produce, realizing as they did that Uncle Joe Cannon was the most experienced business man in Congress. America did not kick vigorously at the draft law, but its rebellion against the army unsaddled Mr. Wilson and lives on in such phenomena as Chicago's fear of King George. Regarding prohibition, nothing need be said. Why, by the way, has Senator Brookhart never studied the terrain beneath the bleachers after a college football game? Prosperity was the only one of the nationalization doctrines which occasioned no revolt. It grew steadily more evident that all of us wanted to be prosperous— even the very considerable number of us who weren't. But in the end—which was almost precisely the very end of the twenties—that same prosperity rose up and destroyed itself.

That the battle thus outlined was the great social conflict of the decade might, one thinks, be proved from literature. Behind pleas for governmental paternalism there stood, for instance, the awakened civic conscience, fed on doctrine which Thornstein Veblen and others had brought more or less straight from Jaures and Kautsky, and suddenly aware of that drift toward industrialism which was a new phenomenon in the nation's life. This revolutionary philosophy may be called, in turn, the chief source of the anti-religious science which partially inundated the past ten years. Marx needed a mechanistic universe, and his followers have more or less firmly sworn by a mechanistic universe. But the rebellious litterateurs who were not infrequently given to doubting immortality or quoting bits of Harnack had at least a few adamantine convictions, one of which was beer. When Volsteadism hove into view, Greenwich Village became a national institution. The plea for jolly good ale and old may have been thoroughly justified, but it did more than any other thing to produce the flapper, the music and literature of Harlem, the epics of Scott Fitzgerald and the generously distributed acid of the Spoon River Anthology.

Intelligence? Not merely the crusading mentality of Stuart Sherman, but the august reason of Professor Babbitt? Few things could have been more completely out of place in the twenties. It was identified with the W.C.T.U., with Brahminism, and more generally with the established order. The most important experiment to which intelligence generally was being submitted in America must be studied in college history. An essential part of the prosperity wave was quest of the university degree. Never before in all history has King Demos so victoriously stormed the defenses of Academe. Three results may be noted, with some pleasure and profit: the popularity of Mr. Mencken's Smart Set and American Mercury as addenda to the list of required readings; the literature of attack upon the professor, starring various youthful geniuses with somewhat unstable morals; and the rise of the institution of football, which certainly carried higher education into arenas wherein it had never fought before. And possibly it is not utterly useless to observe that just as the decade was about to close the Carnegie Foundation issued its illustrious report while Dr. Norman Foerster published a treatise on the American scholar—of which more at another time.

One cannot say that any of the issues thus fostered in the twenties are headed for any variety of solution in the thirties. All things considered, the bequest in moral and spiritual lassitude is pretty vast. If we can accept Mr. Burnett's fiction as remotely representative of the present, it begins to seem as if America is willing to look at the facts without any effort to interpret them. Bring on your bootlegger and your boxer, but please leave out even their subconscious states! Here the novelist's art appears to join hands with the hobby of "research," which is so much more interested in finding out Langland's spelling than in wondering about the fantasies of Baroque. Yet even this is a return to order. If carried far enough it could cleanse us of sundry ill-digested theories and nostrums. Perhaps it might restore to our souls the refreshing and salutary habit of simplicity.

Humanism, in the generally accepted sense, certainly has a genuine opportunity. It is in the main a sound digest of the worthwhile books in which mankind has recorded its experience. But we believe it would be a serious error to stake much hope in our time upon a segregated aristocracy. For better or for worse, the western world must hereafter give all its debating at least a parliamentary cast. Neither thought nor literature nor economics can be discussed without thought of the needs and the urges which stir within the great mass of men. And so we are led once again to affirm the importance of the Church. Even those who think this wrong may be led, if they think the matter over, to concede it desirable. And that much would be gained.

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COCKTAILS IN KANSAS

By ERNEST A. DEWEY

Volsteadism having just observed its tenth birthday, there is more than usual reason why it may profitably be kodaked on its native heath. "It is contempt of court to say so, under the Kansas system of jurisprudence, but there is truth in the rumor that drinking is going on in Kansas," Mr. Dewey avers in the following article. Contending that the Eighteenth Amendment has made the state wet rather than dry, he comments upon the moral implications of the situation. Lest there be any mistake, it may be admitted that Mr. Dewey is white, native and Methodist.—The Editors.

EVERY now and then a rumor that there is drinking going on in Kansas sneaks into circulation. Of course the governor, the attorney-general, the secretary of the Anti-saloon League, the members of the W. C. T. U. and the Methodist ministry immediately rise in indignation to repudiate it. The originator of such a rumor is bitterly flayed in the editorial columns of Kansas newspapers and attempts are made to discredit his testimony by Anti-saloon League operatives who discover that his grandfather was a horse-thief, or of foreign birth. When, and if, the rumorist has been properly squelched, all parties concerned in preserving the purity of the commonwealth assume beatific smiles, rub their hands and announce: "It is just as we have said. You see there is no drinking in Kansas! Anybody who says so is lying." As Jay House observed recently, "It is not safe even to associate with one who criticizes the sacred institutions of our country, and says it isn't enforced!"

It is contempt of court to say so, under the Kansas system of jurisprudence, but there is truth in the rumor that drinking is going on in Kansas. In fact, there is a lot of drinking going on. There are even a few brave spirits who are willing to admit it publicly. W. Y. Morgan, who has been identified with the drys for more than thirty years, has admitted editorially in his paper, the Hutchinson News, that "There is ten times as much drinking in Kansas today as there was ten years ago . . . and consumption is increasing rather than diminishing."

There is not a town, village or hamlet in the state where a man with a thirst and the requisite price cannot get it quenched—and that speedily. To say that Kansas is dry, or anywhere near it, is to be ridiculous. Most people of the state, excepting only dry crusaders, politicians and William Allen White, will concede privately that Kansas is very, very wet and getting wetter; although some of them still cling to a belief that effective prohibition enforcement is ultimately possible, even though improbable.

There was a time when Kansas was comparatively dry. At one time—before an eighteenth constitutional amendment became America's pet statute; before liquid and very diplomatic relations were established by rum-runners with Canadian and Mexican distillers; before the average American householder became privy to the mysteries of malt extract, corn sugar and unfermented fruit juices—only one or two bootleggers were sufficient to care for the modest needs of an average Kansas community. The Kansas bootlegger at that time had not known prosperity. He was, in most cases, a slatternly individual who peddled a concoction of indifferent quality to besotted social pariahs.

In that pre-Volsteadian era, the thirsty Kansan resorted to the expedient of ordering a case of his favorite beverage from Kansas City, Missouri, just across the line. In due time a large box, conspicuously labeled "books," "furniture polish" or "lamp shades," would be deposited at his door by the expressman. Thus conviviality in the household was assured for another month. The most respected Kansas families had adopted this method. It assured privacy, restraint and refinement in drinking. One of the curious notions of that day was that a man had disgraced himself who advertised his inability to carry his liquor like a gentleman by becoming intoxicated. National prohibition changed that.

Today, Kansas high-school girls can and do drink themselves "goggle-eyed" at parties; one can see young men and women wobble over the floor in all stages of drunkenness at public dances. Hilarious intoxication is no longer disgraceful, it is too commonplace. Most of the tipplers, the younger ones especially, drink to get drunk. They have been educated to believe liquor is made for no other purpose. Moderation is a matter of past history. That is the accomplishment of forty-nine years of anti-liquor lecturing.

Drinkers of Kansas are not confined to any one variety of beverage. The favorites are about as follows, listed according to popularity: spiked beer, home-brewed beer, sand-hill rye whisky, spiked ginger ale and other prepared concoctions, Kansas corn whisky, sugar moon whisky, grape wine, elderberry wine, bonded whisky, dandelion wine, synthetic gin, etc.

Bonded whisky is ninth on the list because of its price. It is little cheaper now than it was in the earlier days of Volsteadism. Retailing at nearly $12.00 a quart, it is too expensive for even the most generous host to set out for the consumption of his friends. It remains high in price because of the long distances it must be transported, and because boosters for local industry discourage rum-running by scattering tacks, nails and broken glass on favorite rum lanes, and tipping off enforcement officers in order to keep "foreign" liquor off the market. The local industry is able to supply corn and rye whisky as low as $8.00 a gallon, and as low as $5.00 when purchased in quantity lots.

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The best rye runs $15.00 and $16.00 a gallon. Experienced tipplers assert that the quality compares very favorably with the pre-Volstead product.

Forty-nine years of experience with constitutional prohibition has removed illicit liquor manufacture from the status of an infant industry struggling for existence, and bootlegging is no longer a haphazard enterprise. One operator of a large liquor plant who sold out recently is reported to have received $20,000 for his business. His plant was dismantled and transported overland to be set up in Oklahoma. The distilling end of the business has developed to such a degree of perfection it is declared, that it is possible to "age" whisky satisfactorily in a few weeks. Sporadic enforcement efforts have reduced the number of stills without affecting the volume. Five years ago there were thousands of stills in operation producing an average of about five gallons each. Today they are fewer in number but most of them are capable of producing from 100 to 500 gallons per day.

Kansas has the most elaborate dry-enforcement machinery in the nation. The present governor, Clyde M. Reed, asked the legislature at its last session to appropriate $40,000 for additional enforcement efforts. The $40,000 vanished so quickly that the governor was forced to go begging again, this time for $75,000. Most of the money was used to employ a special, hand-picked band of agents to augment the "voluntary enforcement officers" of the Anti-Saloon League, the attorney-general's spotters, government-enforcement officers, sheriffs' deputies and the police. Kansas's enforcement system is chiefly a matter of spies spying on spies. The special fund was spent with a great deal of pother but any diminution in the liquor stream could have been measured with a micrometer. Most prohibition-enforcement efforts are like that.

A goodish bit of the governor's $40,000 was spent in an attempted clean-up of Wichita last April. Wichita boasts a night club and prides itself on being the least hypocritical town in the state. When Governor Reed made the assertion that Hutchinson was the wettest town in Kansas, certain Wichitans were indignant about it. "Reed's got a lot of nerve, trying to give our town a black eye like that," declared resentful civic leaders. Reed took their denial of his statement at face value. All available law officers were commandeered and a crusade to dry up the town was instituted. When officials in charge of the drive pronounced themselves satisfied that the last vestige of forbidden beverage had been mopped up, the editor of the Wichita Eagle called the telephone numbers of a dozen bootleggers. Shortly after he hung up the receiver, the deliveries began to pour in. The next day the Eagle published a picture on its front page of the collection it had made. Prices were reported as ranging from $2.00 a pint to $8.00 a quart. The effect of the drive had been to hike the price a little.

The Kansas constabulary is recruited largely from the plow handles. Its peace officers are mostly honest, sturdy, unimaginative characters. If they are intensely rural in thought and action, apparently blind to the urban view-point, that is to be expected in an agricultural state. It is not that the minions of the law make no effort to dry up Kansas. They are merely ineffectual. The indifference of the non-drinking public combined with the active opposition of the drinking element constitutes a barrier to effective work of the most conscientious officer. Then, too, all officialdom is hampered in its work by the continual interference of overzealous, fanatical drys.

No prohibition fanatic was ever known who could keep his mouth shut. Nor does one exist who does not regard himself as rightfully entitled to know everything that is going on in the sheriff's office. Holding as they do the political balance of power in the state, no official dares antagonize the drys. The poor sheriff is in a quandary. If he reveals information, the prohibitionist invariably will blab it. If he pretends ignorance of what is going on, the dry crank will go out and denounce him either as an incompetent or as "in league with the law-breakers." Such situations keep Kansas sheriffs in a constant state of irascibility. It explains why some of them retire to private life with shattered nerves. Having to contend with dry cranks, gubernatorial snoopers, assistant attorney-generals while trying to enforce an unpopular law is enough to break down the most phlegmatic temperament.

In Kansas, as in most other states, it has been conceded an impossibility to regulate the manufacture and consumption of home brew. Some idea of the volume of home brew may be gained by inquiring into the amount of malt syrup extract passing through the jobbing houses. This product is advertised in Kansas newspapers as of invaluable assistance to the housewife in the making of bread. Any person must be naive indeed to imagine its being put to such use.

Wholesale concerns supplying retailers in the central and western portions of Kansas report the sale, over an eight-months' period, of about one carload of malt syrup each per month. The demand continues to a lesser degree through the other four months. Eight wholesale houses are located in this territory. Since 12,000 cans of malt constitute a carload, 96,000 cans are sold per month. One can of malt syrup is reputed to produce five gallons of highly alcoholic beer, which means that 3,760,000 gallons of beer are made and consumed by otherwise law-abiding citizens in the most thinly populated western half of this "dry" state. This is about a gallon for every man, woman and child in the state.

There is no law prohibiting the sale of malt extract or corn sugar. A salesman for a corn-products manufacturing concern told me recently that he sold two carloads of corn sugar in one Kansas town on his last trip. To the uninitiated it may be explained that corn sugar is science's most bountiful gift to a bootlegger who has to fill a lot of liquor orders in a hurry.

There is a plethora of drinking parties in Kansas

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homes, to be sure, but the true student of bibulous society will not overlook the hotels. Hard and heavy drinkers hold forth in the hotel-room parties. No one is expected to sleep in a Kansas hotel. Nobody tries, at least in the larger hotels. After midnight the desk clerk seldom bothers to answer a room telephone. He knows full well it is only a guest with a fiery thirst who is endeavoring to hasten the lagging steps of the bellboy sent out after another half-dozen bottles of near beer or ginger ale. The room walls quake with the noise, but nobody appears to give a whoop. Wassail is the order of the night. Men and women stagger down the corridors in various stages of undress in the early morning hours. The strains of Sweet Adeline waver uncertainly out into the night. There is always at least one quartet somewhere on the upper floors and sometimes there are two or three. The night is one long, exuberant souse.

The hotels are not responsible for conditions. Ninety-nine out of 100 hotel men swear helplessly to themselves at the wreckage visited upon furniture, bedding and fixtures by playful drunks. But if they attempted to eject every guest who became intoxicated, many rooms would be vacant night after night and the hotel business in Kansas would be ruined.

Hotel drinking is a quaint old custom peculiar to Kansas which has been approved and adopted all over the nation. It is another by-product of the forty-nine years' experience with constitutional prohibition. A Kansan who becomes dissatisfied with the drinks ladled out for purely social purposes and desires to celebrate his independence simply goes to a hotel and rents a room for the scene of operations. If one's friends become noisy in a hotel room, it makes little difference. One can sing, yell, curse or fight in peace. No indignant neighbors will be roused from slumber to send for the police. One's only neighbors are usually intent on spending their own fine, large and riotous evening.

Since hotels are powerless to stop it, their managements have turned to devices for cashing in on the custom. One hotel in Wichita sends up the house detective to count noses in each room where a party is in progress. At the desk the individual renting the room is charged $1.50 for every person occupying it in addition to himself. Since many partyists roam from room to room during the genial hours some of them are counted several times in the course of the night. When the bill is presented, the guests usually pay promptly, knowing it would be useless to kick.

Hotel drinking reaches its most impressive heights during conventions. Most towns make no attempt to discourage revelry at such times for fear visitors will carry away a bad impression of the town. Joy begins to be unconfined on the opening day of such gatherings, rises to a bacchanalian peak about the evening of the second day and remains there until the closing day when it begins to decrease, presumably to give the delegates a chance to go home sober. Any convention not following this course would be marvelously original.

One day a hotel man who has grown grey in the business remarked to me: "These conventions are getting too strenuous entirely. The traveling men had their convention. I expected them to get drunk, and they did. Then the sheriffs had one. I thought maybe they'd get drunk, and they did. Now the school teachers are having their convention. I hoped that this would be one convention I could remember as a sober one. But, good Lord! Look at 'em! They're drunk, too!" And they were.

One schoolma'am of not too tender age was parading about the lobby like an army with banners. Her eyes were glassy and her manner was a caricature of dignity. On a lounge in an obscure corner of the lobby another lady educator was reclining in an unconventional pose. Her hat was knocked down over one ear and her hair was as disarrayed as a last year's bird's nest. I think she was ill. As she walked across the lobby four young women came out of the elevator. We paused to let them pass. They appeared to be afflicted with a sort of alcoholic halitosis. The aroma left by their passing reminded one, not unpleasantly, of a distillery.

"I have lived a long time," the hotel man continued, "and have lost many of my illusions. Some of them, however, I still cherish. I'd hate to become a hopeless pessimist. For that reason I'm going to try to sell out before the Christian Endeavor has a convention. I've tried to run a respectable hotel, but I know when I'm licked."

Hypocrisy has become the settled policy of Kansas in regard to prohibition. The law is repudiated in private life, but loudly endorsed in public. It could not be otherwise. Kansas politics are dominated by a triumvirate—the W. C. T. U., the Anti-saloon League and the Methodist Church. It would be the sheerest folly for any aspirant to public office to pit himself against these powerful and arbitrary organizations. The tenet of Methodism that prohibition is sacred must be devoutly and abjectly acknowledged. To refuse to bow down and worship the sacred cow would be nothing short of political suicide. That is why, when the dry hierarchy asserts there is no drinking in Kansas, all incumbents of public office from governor down to township trustee shout "Amen," and self-righteously denounce anyone who ventures to assert that prohibition is not a great success.

Afterward

Already strange, I pass you on the street,
You, who but yesterwhile were overdear—
No answering lift of heart that you are near
Yet am I careful lest our eyes shall meet.

Oh, I can hear your voice, remembering lies,
Or clasp your hand, recalling cruelty—
Only your glance I fear lest we shall see
A grave still open in each other's eyes.

DOROTHY SHEPARD MCCOMB.

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TROTZKY AND STALIN

By CARLO SFORZA

LENIN, when he lay dying, left to his party a "testament" in which he referred to the hatred that divided Trotzky and Stalin, expressed the opinion that the conflict might be very harmful to the party, and, defining Stalin as "too rough," recommended that he be dismissed from his post as general secretary of the Communist party in order to avoid a schism. On Lenin's death the testament was read in the Politbureau. It was read by Stalin.

That alone should have given Trotzky food for thought; that Stalin should want the reading, and that he tendered his resignation.

Trotzky, then all-powerful, admired for his eloquence, praised as the Napoleon of the Red Army, made the mistake of despising Stalin, the ignorant and silent Asiatic from Tiflis; he allowed him to keep his place. Even now that it is Stalin who is all-powerful and that Trotzky is in exile, no one attributes to him the sort of genius generally ascribed to Trotzky.

Nothing but the manner in which he forged the weapon with which he succeeded in striking Trotzky indicates in Stalin a maneuvering skill to which the proud Trotzky would have been wise to show a little more attention. Stalin was general secretary of the Russian Communist party, whose committee was composed of nineteen members. He managed under varied pretexts, to have this number carried to forty-six, and afterward to seventy-one. With less than twenty members, the post of general secretary was not a very important one. With more than seventy, it became all-important. Trotzky's gifts were especially literary and oratorical; Stalin's lay in silent oriental intrigue.

In one of his speeches in his days of power Trotzky made the inevitable comparison between Lenin and Marx. He said:

> The style of Marx is rich and magnificent, forceful and supple, a constant, admirable blend of irony and elegance. Lenin's style is naked and simple, utilitarian and ascetic.

One feels certain that the word "ascetic" is there as an operatic bow to Lenin, but that the flowery attributes to Marx's style reveal what Trotzky is thinking of his own literary and intellectual temperament. Through his coreligionist, the German Marx, he was thinking of himself.

In this excessive appreciation of his own intellectual force lies what has been probably Trotzky's heaviest mistake. He forgot that in the new Russia he had helped to shape, the official spheres belonged to mechanized influences and that intelligence was considered as one of the suspicious remnants of the old individualistic world. That is why he was wrong in despising Stalin and his coarse, oriental knavery; he did not realize that the suppression of freedom had destroyed the immediate force of intelligence.

The first struggles between Trotzky and Stalin began immediately after Lenin's death and went on without interruption until the expulsion of Trotzky from Russia in 1929.

In their oratorical duels Trotzky was constantly the victor; in a free country like England or France he probably would have been able to recapture power. But the beaten Stalin each time went back to his Kremlin room, and, without thinking of oratorical revenge, in his quiet Asiatic way knew how to offer, or "impose" lucrative appointments of Trotzky's friends, scattering them in the most distant parts of the country.

Trotzky, proud (or vain) in the same way that another gifted Socialist, Lassalle, had been proud (or vain) refused to attach any importance to Stalin's tactics. He had not realized—he, the enemy of liberty—that a few years without any freedom of speech or of press may rapidly reduce a people to appalling losses of moral character. Human dignity needs freedom in order to live and assert itself.

Another error Trotzky made, even with regard to the few Communistic comrades who really cared for pure Bolshevism and who had maintained some individual critical power: to wage war upon the hated secretary of the Communist party, he chose as war cry the return to "pure" Leninism. He violently denounced Stalin and his followers as neglectful of the interests of the only reliable element of the Russian Communistic masses—the workmen—and as coming to unworthy compromises with the rich peasants, the Kulaki. But the rare sincere thoughtful revolutionaries instinctively felt that if Stalin was compromising with the "sacred principles" it was only because it was a question of life and death, and that Trotzky would have done the same. Some added: was not Trotzky a Menshevik in the first days of the revolution?

If Stalin today seems to revert to the strictest formulas of pure Bolshevism, there is every reason to believe that he does so simply to show that Trotzky's accusations were unfounded. It is mere parliamentary strategy. The group in power, be it Stalin's or Trotzky's is inspired only by a supreme necessity—to remain at the Kremlin, to govern the country. They know that among the many impossible things for them to do, the most impossible is to resign, or to allow themselves to be dismissed. Too many hatreds, too much spirit of revenge, are in the air; they feel them—and that is why they are not really in power; they are entrenched in power with boastful words, but with trembling hearts. An analogous phenomenon is taking place in Fascist Italy.

This—to remain in power at all costs—is the task

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of Stalin. For this Trotzky's victor is probably more the right man in the right place than his defeated rival would have been. The Messianic imagination which gives such brilliant glamour to some Jewish brains might have tempted Trotzky to experiments.

The cold, vulgar Georgian, now supreme at the Kremlin, reminds me of the Turkish viziers who were driving European diplomacy to despair on the shores of prewar Bosphorus. Shrewd Armenian, or Jewish, or Greek advisers dictated beautiful speeches or learned notes for them. They used these speeches; they went on speaking of the historical rights of the Ottoman empire; but at the bottom of their hearts, they knew and felt only this: let us gain six months; after that, we'll see.

Possibly this, and only this, is the hidden thought of politicians whom the hazards of a troubled period have turned into dictators. Pitiful expressions of the post-war neurasthenia, what really matters for the world is not what they say or do in their kinematic, artificial lives—but what their nations think.

Difficult as it is to find out, in an atmosphere of silence and terror, the trend of their feelings, one may at least safely admit, if only one is in touch with some currents of Russian thought, that the potential discontent in Russia, visible until a few months ago only among the peasants, is now growing also among the workmen. Trotzky was right in feeling that, but was wrong in thinking that the cure might be pure Leninism.

Indeed, not only have the Russian workmen lately been asking for higher wages—and, as in so many other countries, have not got them—but they have also asked two most important moral things: the right to strike, and secret votes in the elections.

After torrents of blood, after mountains of propaganda—books pretending to prove that a new era, with new ideas, had come—the Russian nation rediscovers at last that the only safe basis for any progress is simply liberty.

If they are coming so slowly and hesitatingly to feel again that freedom, after all, is the supreme necessity, it is because they have been dazzled by the idealistic hope that, through their sufferings, they were laying the foundations of a new world—and this appealed to the very nature of the Russian soul, which has a longing for suffering.

Violent theoretical discussions about Communistic doctrines, enthusiasm for Trotzky the orator or trust in the silent Stalin—all this would simply have meant the eternal going on of the old Russian mania for dogmatic, unreal fighting. Not from that could the régime be endangered. But the awakening of the idea of liberty—this, and only this—has such power that no mercenary armies, no nets of spies, no Siberias, have the force to overcome it. Czarism was doomed when it identified itself with the Katorga, the tragic Russian word in which all the horrors of Siberian deportation are synthesized. Lenin and Trotzky yesterday, Stalin today, remain in power through the terror of their new Katorga. But if the czar's secret police did not save the lords of the old Russia, the Soviet's terroristic methods will not save the comrades of the Kremlin, no matter who they are.

It is probable that the Bolshevik leaders sometimes wonder how it happens that they still provoke so much terror—feigned or real—in certain European quarters. They think, I presume, that foreigners would be much nearer reality in pitying them.

The Chinese have a wonderful phrase to describe the weakness of certain types of so-called strong dictatorial governments: they are—so the picturesque idiom runs—riding a tiger.

ON REREADING THOMAS MOORE

By PADRAIC COLUM

I HAVE given myself the task of commenting on nearly every poem in a volume that is before me—a collection of less than thirty pieces—because I think the time has come to determine how much of this work can have a place in literature. The business I am undertaking is to try to find out how authentic as poems these pieces are. And this is difficult, for the poet is the writer of The Harp That Once through Tara's Halls, and Let Erin Remember, and The Minstrel Boy. He is also a writer whose expression and sentiment, in a great number of instances, have become old-fashioned. In judging his poems for what they are here and now I have to guard against many encirclements of opinion and prepossession.

The volume is Lyrics and Satires from Thomas Moore, edited by Sean O'Faolain. (Dublin: The Cuala Press.) In the second poem in the selection a young man tells a girl that they must not walk toward a certain place any more—"such walks may be our ruin." This obviously "dates"—we do not express ourselves in such terms nowadays. Still, something comes to us through the old-fashioned parlance of To Nea:

> The little bay, where turning in
> From ocean's rude and angry din,
> As lovers steal to bliss,
> The billows kiss the shore, and then
> Flow back into the deep again
> As though they did not kiss.
>
> Remember, o'er its circling flood
> In what a dangerous dream we stood,
> The silent sea before us,
> Around us all the gloom of grove
> That ever lent its shade to love,
> No eye but heaven's o'er us.

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The thing is porcelain, if you like, but it is well wrought and there is a place for it. I come to Child's Song: from a Masque. It is authentic, too: a garden, a fawn, and a child speaking of them, and we are made to feel the touch of the child's hand.

> And you may touch his sleeping eyes,
> And feel his little silv'ry feet.

Paradise and the Peri is the only poem of any length given; in this selection it has been condensed by the editor. Paradise and the Peri is as empty of character and passion as an improvisation might be—indeed, with its indeliberate structure and its surface presentation it might be an improvisation. It is nothing but description; we should read it as we look at tapestry—but tapestry in which all the figures are brightly colored.

> Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
> Of golden melons on their banks,
> More golden where the sunlight falls;
> Gay lizards glitt'ring on the walls
> Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
> As they were all alive with light;
> And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
> Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
> With their rich, restless wings, that gleam
> Variously in the crimson beam!

The peri and the angel, the man and the child, are there so that the scene around each may be described. The character or the passion that makes a narrative poem is not in Paradise and the Peri.

A like descriptiveness is marked in Fly to the Desert, Fly with Me. This is the song that ends Lalla Rookh. If I remember aright, it contains eleven stanzas. Some are not vital, and an editor would be justified in reducing the poem. The present editor, I think, has cut too many stanzas—he has reduced the poem to four. Now the charm of Fly to the Desert, Fly with Me is in its flowing descriptiveness; this is broken by too drastic a cut, and in four stanzas the gracefulness of the poem is impaired. It has lovely verses filled with beautiful and varied overtones—indeed it is a triumph of picture-making:

> Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
> The acacia waves her yellow hair,
> Lonely and sweet, nor lov'd the less
> For flow'ring in a wilderness.
>
> Our sands are bare, but down their slope
> The silv'ry-footed antelope
> As gracefully and gaily springs
> As o'er the marble courts of kings.
>
> Then come—thy Arab maid will be
> The lov'd and lone acacia tree,
> The antelope, whose feet shall bless
> With their light sound thy loneliness.

But not all in this selection are as authentic as are, to my mind, the poems I have already noted. There are two pieces given whose rhythms are as cheap as if they had been made to fit a tune that anticipated a popular gramophone record.

> When through the Piazzetta
> Night breathes her cool air,
> Then, dearest Ninetta,
> I'll come to thee there.
>
> When the Balaika
> Is heard o'er the sea,
> I'll dance the Romaika
> By moonlight with thee.

There is The Kiss, a piece which has not the overtone that would make it poetry, nor the wit that would make it an epigram. "Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark" is merely a Byronic echo. A Canadian Boat Song has in it neither the flow of the river nor the pull of the oars—we should not know we were with men afloat if Moore did not keep on telling us that we were. Those Evening Bells, too, have a hollow sound—we think we hear them, but that is only because we are being told about their ringing.

Then there are familiar pieces which are difficult to dissociate from the tunes which are their accompaniments. An effort must be made, however, to dissociate words and tunes, for, on the pages of a book, these pieces exist, not as songs, but as organizations of words embodying distinct moods, having rhythms which are part of the mood projected. How many of Moore's familiar songs can exist for us on these terms? We read:

> When first I met thee warm and young
> There shone such truth about thee,
> And on thy lip such promise hung
> I did not dare to doubt thee,

and we know that this jig-time rhythm has no correspondence with a real mood of abandonment and reproach. Oft in the Stilly Night, which we remember for the striking image of the banquet hall deserted, again carries contradiction between the thing that is being said and the measure it is being said in: it is in the tone of a man talking to companions, not in the tone of a man who realizes that he has become lonely. The Last Rose of Summer has two charming lines:

> Since the lovely are sleeping,
> Go, sleep thou with them.

Whatever is in the verses is in these two lines; the rest is only these lines diluted. Then we have Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded, which leaves us with the conviction that the poet is more interested in drawing out similes than in opening his heart to a sorrow which he thinks he has divined.

Moore had not enough malice to make him a real satirist. Take his five lines on Castlereagh—they do not brand as Shelley's or Byron's lines brand the man—they are aimed at accomplishment, or a lack of accomplishment, rather than at character;

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they hold up to scorn Castlereagh the public speaker, not Castlereagh the cold-hearted, capable servant of the vested interests of the day. Nor do the extracts from the journal of Biddy Fudge satirize that light-headed young lady nor the world she lives in—the writer is not absorbed enough in it all. They are witty and entertaining, however. To the Pretty little Mrs.——— is not a satire—it is an epigram, and perhaps among the best epigrams in English. A lady writer is compared to a dainty volume—a duodecimo.

> Such a volume in sheets were a volume of charms,
> Or if bound, it should only be bound in our arms.

Dear Harp of My Country has appropriate organization: it is a fine dedicatory poem. The Song of Fionnuala has this much against it—it is not self-contained: one has to know the story of the Children of Lir before one can follow it, and this takes from it as a poem. But as an organization of words it is remarkable, and it definitely projects the mood.

> Silent, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
> Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
> While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
> Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.

The "O" which is so evocative of the open sea has its full sound in these words. Then in the second stanza there is a repetition of thin vowels which carries a sense of wistfulness—Erin, springing, weeping, heaven. There is, too, alliteration—"murmuring mournfully"; "Lir's lonely daughter." Dr. Sigerson once told me that he considered this poem the most successful example of a Gaelic verse form in English. Moore knew nothing about Gaelic verse forms, but the music that he wrote to made, as it were, a mold: in filling the mold he reproduced a Gaelic form.

Let me note here that Eugene O'Curry was of the opinion that the tunes played by the harpers, the tunes to which Moore set his words, recorded the structure of ancient verse. O'Curry quotes an eight-line poem by Cormac MacCuilennain who died in the year 903, which sings to an old air popularly known by the title For Ireland I'd Not Tell Who She Is, and adds,

> . . . Many such instances could be adduced to ancient lyric music still in existence in minutely exact agreement with forms of lyric poetry peculiar to the most ancient periods of our native literature.

The strange and memorable rhythm of At the Midhour of Night came to the poet from the music of the harpers; there is nothing like it among the rhythms of English poetry. It reproduces the rhythm of a Gaelic song that has been translated by several poets, but translated with most approximation to the sound by Douglas Hyde in

> O were you on the mountain, and did you see my love?
> And did you see my fair one, my queen, and my dove?
> And did you see the maiden with the step firm and free?
> And, say, was she pining in sorrow like me?

The structure of Moore's verse has more artistry than can be found in the Gaelic song: the end line of each verse has a rhyme that is a faint echo; it gives the effect of a hushed and trembling return of something disembodied.

> Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

I do not want to write of The Harp That Once through Tara's Halls as a song, but one cannot refrain from noting how magnificently it is made for articulation, how every salient word—pride, glory, praise, pulse, ruin, freedom, throbs, breaks, lives—is unerringly placed. It must be one of the world's great songs. What dignity it has—the dignity of a hero's last speech! Ireland owes Moore a debt of gratitude for having written a poem that so well matches a heroic tune and that so movingly renders her sense of the kingly past. It is Moore's real tribute to Irish music: no other words written by an Irish poet express as this poem expresses the spirit of our proud and sorrowful traditional music.

The Minstrel Boy has nothing of the nobility that is in The Harp That Once through Tara's Halls; it is facile in its rhythm and is rhetorical in its feeling. But it is difficult to judge, for every word in the piece has become hackneyed. Let Erin Remember the Days of Old also fails when compared with The Harp That Once through Tara's Halls. In the first place it has a defect that is present in another famous song—Ben Jonson's Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes: the first and second stanzas are related only through the fact that they are invariably found together, but they are really two different poems. In Let Erin Remember neither of the stanzas has real power. And I cannot believe that a piece which, with its insistence upon faithlessness and long-faded glories is distinctly defeatist, can really correspond with a heroic and truly national air.

If I were asked to put another of Moore's beside The Harp That Once through Tara's Halls I should think of How Oft the Banshee Cried. In this poem which is really heroic the mood of mourning and exultation are admirably conveyed by the structure of the verse.

> How oft has the Banshee cried,
> How oft has death untied
> Bright links that glory wove,
> Sweet words entwined by love.
> Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth,
> Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth!
> Long may the fair and brave
> Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

The selection I have been commenting upon is the best that has appeared; it admirably illustrates Moore's compass. But I miss in it three pieces which I think should have been included—Come Rest on This Bosom; Love Thee, Dearest; and When He Who Adores Thee.

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TAX-COLLECTING AS A FINE ART

By DONALD C. ANDERSON

Literature has been comparatively free of late from reference to the old-time "boss." Are we developing a different species of the same character? While not everyone will agree with Mr. Anderson's belief that generations now living may see the American constitution submerged, the evidence for "controlled voting" he offers is impressive enough. The paper is based upon the results of an investigation in which the author took an important part. We think it will arouse interest, if not concern, since the conditions described, though localized in Pennsylvania, are true in many other states.—The Editors.

WITHIN the next two decades it is possible that we may see the entire submergence of the American constitution. The process has been easy and painless. The extraction of political power from the hands of independent voters has been very similar to the operation which takes place in the dentist's chair; at the very first sign of pain on the part of the victim, gas has been applied in lethal doses, where anaesthetic doles were insufficient. At times, as in the 1928 presidential campaign, it has been necessary to resort to some small violence in order to rescue the drowning non-conformists from watery political death. Even at such times as this the salve of national expediency has been applied to assuage the burn and to justify tactics and policies which would hardly have been permitted or countenanced in the days of the Medici.

In Pennsylvania, for instance, the acts of assembly governing the right to register as a voter provide primarily that a citizen otherwise qualified may register if he produces at the time of registration a receipt for state or county taxes paid within the period of two years immediately preceding the general election. So far so good. To go back a step further the acts of assembly also provide the methods whereby the taxes so to be paid are to be assessed.

Now you will find these acts extremely involved. Briefly they provide for the appointment of district assessors and a central board of assessors. One year prior to the date of the general election the books of the district assessors are closed and their reports made to the central board. Thereafter for a period of six months the central board may make assessments. Their books are then closed and the list of taxables is certified to the county treasurer and the county commissioners. Coincidentally the county treasurer submits to the county commissioners his estimated budget for the taxable year. Whereupon the county commissioners, having before them the list of taxables and their assessments and the county treasurer's budget, fix the tax rate and authorize the county treasurer to collect the taxes due.

The taxes so assessed become delinquent if unpaid on September 1 of each year and uncollected taxes are transmitted to a delinquent tax collector for collection. Now all of this procedure is intricate and has been in years past accompanied by unavoidable delays and breakdowns in the machinery of collection. The point to which your attention is directed, however, is that with the certification of the tax books to the county commissioners for the establishment of the tax rate by specific provision of and natural inference from the acts of assembly, expires the last opportunity for a prospective voter to be legally assessed. With the expiration of this opportunity there should also expire his right to vote. In the past two decades, however, a system has been evolved and developed which evades this provision of our laws.

After the transmission of the tax books containing delinquents to the delinquent tax collector by the county treasurer, there has grown up a custom, fostered, encouraged and controlled by the party in power, of preparing a new and additional series of tax books for such taxables as have not been assessed up to that time. In other words new books which have never been in the hands of the county treasurer, the board of assessors or the county commissioners are prepared and placed in the hands of the collector of delinquent taxes. This latter official thereupon, after the first day of September, contrary to law, and in obvious disregard of the rights of legally qualified voters, proceeds to perform the functions delegated by acts of assembly to the county treasurer, and the county commissioners, and with the assistance and compliant silence of the board of assessors enters the names of taxables in these extra tax books, collects from them delinquent taxes which were never delinquent in the interpretation of the statutes and issues tax receipts therefor. The only possible inference is, since these additional receipts are issued for occupational taxes only, so-called poll taxes, that they are secured solely for voting purposes. Reduced to its lowest terms it places a value of $1.24 on a man's vote and $.83 on a woman's, wholesale rates in any election.

Now then, for a brief financial recapitulation before discussing the uses to which these invalid tax receipts have been put. Granting for the purpose of argument that the voters are evenly divided between the sexes, the average cost per tax receipt is $1.04. In the last general election there were 40,000 of these receipts issued in one county at an approximate expense of $41,600. The political battle was three-cornered and the winning party's plurality was only 20,000 over its nearest competitor. Needless to say the winning faction was the incumbent one. Now go one step further. This winning faction will in the next four years control, in its relatively small zone, the expenditure of $500,000,000. A rhetorical question is in point; would

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any sane business man refuse to expend $41,000 to secure the right to disburse $500,000,000?

So much for the actual result of the system in one instance. Now for its causes and working scheme. The ground plan is set up in the smallest unit of our political system, the precinct or voting district. The district chairman, likely a personable young man of uncertain morals and still more uncertain occupation, at the behest of a ward chairman undertakes the shepherding of the organization vote in his district. He makes a house-to-house canvass of the residents of his district, asking prospective voters if they possess tax receipts. If the answer is affirmative he congratulates them, calls them good citizens and solicits their support for his organization; in a great majority of instances on a prosperity issue and an ever-present will-o'-the-wisp promise of municipal improvements. If they do not have tax receipts he remarks on the terrific amount of trouble incident to securing them and the tedious hours necessary to be properly assessed. This argument, of course, should backfire as it is the duty of the appointed assessors, controlled by the party in power, to see that all assessments are properly made. Finally, with great magnanimity, he offers to secure receipts for them subject to the tacit or outspoken provisions that the recipients shall register and support his candidates. In some instances prospective voters with a smattering of civic pride offer to pay for these receipts. They are again treated to the magnanimity of the organization as the heeler remarks, "Oh, forget that," or "See me after the election and pay me." Net result—the organization secures an absolutely sure vote at a net expenditure of $1.24.

From a multitude of like instances, stage-managed sometimes in adroit fashion are built up in our large cities the so-called "controlled vote." In the fullest sense of the word it is controlled and the percentage of error is less than ½ of 1 percent. The district heeler reports to the ward chairman and files his lists. The ward chairman sends a check for the number of authorizations or names he has to the collector of delinquent taxes. The latter issues a batch of receipts, which are delivered in turn by the various heelers and district deputies. In isolated instances it may become necessary to substitute names for voters who have been forgotten or whose allegiance is more definitely established. This is accomplished with an eraser and pencil.

On election day the district heeler gets his votes out by using his own car or a borrowed automobile to canvass his district and jolly or cajole the controlled vote to the polls. The voters cast their ballots with a sense of civic self-righteousness and read the morning papers with pride when they see recorded in a controlled sheet the victorious result of a controlled vote. In a recent city election in my own city the controlled vote out-numbered the independent vote more than two to one. Succinctly put, that means that your ballot or mine had exactly one-third the effect which the framers of the constitution intended it should have. Democracy as practised has been undermined until it now possesses only 33 1-3 percent of its purposed power.

The full results of this system, if they were known, would unquestionably cause us to throw the entire system overboard. A controlled press, however, does not permit the true results to become known. Occasionally we find a district attorney with the courage to try and convict those finally responsible for the present evils. We have even had upright public officials in the full sense of the word. But the instances are rare. Let me trace the rewards for services rendered. The district heeler for his services is tacitly guaranteed immunity from police interference with the bootlegging or disorderly house business in his particular zone. He is even given police assistance in stamping out rival business. That is his payment. The ward chairman if he so desires becomes an alderman, or if he prefers a quiet life is guaranteed a wider immunity for bootlegging or gambling. Or perhaps he is given the automobile repair work for a district.

The chairman commanding a congressional district is given the right to make numerous appointments with their consequent revenue and return. The higher leaders secure widespread concessions in one form or another, perhaps in the award of large construction contracts or in some cases in the appointment to important city or county boards. The circle is unending. It broadens from city to county, from county to state and inevitably from state to nation. Fundamentally dishonest and undemocratic it has unquestionably sapped our entire political plan until at the present time it is difficult to conceive how far the tentacles extend. If we are unable to determine today whether or not the mayor of the fifth city in this nation holds his office as the result of a legal election, will we be able in ten years to satisfy ourselves that the President of these United States and its high administrative officers are the choices of the people?

When the senator-elect of one of the sovereign commonwealths of the union is openly faced with the accusation that "his election was partly bought and partly stolen" and can make no adequate defense to that charge are we prepared to defend our present elective system? When the results of a gubernatorial election are not known for five days during which time constant conferences take place between the two opposing political camps for the purpose of "trading" is the voice of the people being heard? When finally the presidential candidate of a major party, whose nomination is tantamount to election, is chosen by seven men in a hotel room thick with smoke and the fumes of liquor, is it not about time that we questioned the adequacy of our present form of elective democracy?

The trend of government in the United States while professedly toward benevolent paternalism is in reality toward the greater restriction of personal rights. Witness, the Volstead disaster, witness as well divers and sundry congressional and senatorial investigations with their ever-present and resultant prosecutions for

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contempt. If we permit even a benevolent octopus to dig in year after year we shall eventually find ourselves without even the machinery to remedy the condition. Restrictive legislation will eventually limit us to such an extent that we will have no legal means of removing even the most corrupt public official. He will remain in office by divine political right despite what we may seek to do to remove him.

I realize that the history of our political development shows that sooner or later there is a popular revolution against political evils as there was against the spoils system, but present political science has been so well learned and tactics are so infinitely more shrewd that the hypnotic needle can now be inserted without considering the danger of popular protest. By that I mean that the trend away from democracy is so smooth and even that upon the surface a micrometer and a fine tooth comb are necessary to plumb its visible course. Nevertheless its strength is so great and so widespread that unless it is immediately checked we can write "finis" to our democracy.

Of one thing you may be certain; there is an immediate need for election reform. By election reform I do not mean the installation of voting machines and the prosecution of corrupt officials alone. I mean the enactment of legislation which will strike at the root of the evil: organized employment of controlled votes. You may do that only by the amendment of state constitutions and you will have a ferocious struggle to do it, but a single successful fight would set the pace for ensuing legislation in other jurisdictions. To be effective this legislation must provide primarily for the restriction of the voting privilege to bona fide resident citizens. It must make mandatory provisions for a method of assessment which will bar all post-dated registrations. Finally it must demand that a voter register on a tax receipt which he has paid himself to a duly authorized official. In essence we have laws at the present time to control all of these factors, but the loopholes in them are so manifold that even the inauguration of criminal prosecutions seldom acts as an actual bar to corrupt practices, since the circle is so narrowed; elective prosecuting officials owe their positions to controlled electorates and are consequently loath to prosecute vehemently the agents of the system to which they owe their maintenance.

Fundamentally the constitution bars a national controlling act, since the right of franchise depends upon state citizenship, and the federal government is restricted save in those rare instances where the Senate has refused to seat an elected senator on its own motion. Federal legislation is therefore not only impractical but constitutionally impossible. Even the man in the street realizes the impossibility of federal constitutional amendment when such action is dependent upon state ratification.

The reform must come as the evil has come, from the bottom, from the smallest elective unit. It must begin with a realization on the part of individual citizens of a sense of governmental responsibility. I hope that this is fundamentally a matter of education. If it is, it may be that the interest of a public-minded philanthropist or some educational organization such as the Carnegie Foundation may be enlisted to arouse what is called civic conscience.

I make bold to say that the interest and spare time of a single public-spirited citizen in every precinct in this country would eventually correct our present evils. One decent altruistic citizen could in twenty-four hours shake the foundations of organized control in his district or precinct by appealing solely to that element in us which we claim is God-fearing.

The action itself must be political. You cannot reform an organization by prosecuting it through its own henchmen. You cannot beat it by calling it names and exposing it, but you can defeat it at the polls and once you have done that in a small district you have blazed the trail for its ultimate downfall, in a city, a county, a state or a nation.

Let me illustrate. A candidate in one precinct was elected year after year for twenty-two years by fifty-five controlled votes held in line by one man. There were in that district over a hundred independent voters who year by year gave enough scattered votes to guarantee the incumbent his position. They did this either by casting stray votes for him or staying away from the polls. The controlled vote never stayed away. Last fall one man told his story in much the fashion I have to ten of those independent voters. The organization candidate was beaten almost two to one. This year the organization was beaten in the entire ward, containing over five thousand voters. It can be done.

There is one direful fact to be pointed out. The political organization which makes use year in and year out of controlled votes remains in power because it exerts itself to maintain and increase its momentum. Reform movements fail because after their inception they invariably lose momentum. The lesson should be entirely obvious. The snowball should be started on a small scale and be built up, not on a large scale and torn down.

La Jalouse

Like Herod my heart goes out to kill
The first-born hosts of the laurel now
Lest any should be the tree to bear
The leaves that might one day crown your brow.

I carry a blade as Herod did;
Though you are my friend, I hunt you down.
Like Herod, myself would be the king
And wear the crown if there be any crown.

Sometimes when the blade has slipped my hand,
A red and sinister tincture pours.
I would break the thing at your feet if I could,
For the blood on the blade is mine, not yours.

KATHRYN WORTH.

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LEVASTI'S SAINT ANSELM

By ANGELO LIPARI

A CONSCIENTIOUS critic has revealed in the great figure of Saint Anselm (1033 or 34 to 1109) Benedictine monk, abbot of Bec, and later archbishop of Canterbury, a bold, inquisitive mind and a firm scientific spirit the like of which have seldom graced this earth. (Saint' Anselmo: Vita e Pensiero, by Arrigo Levasti. Laterza, Bari.) In fact, in Levasti's masterly exposition, this great, intuitive genius is shown as one whose life was a constant and strenuous effort to demonstrate rationally the truths he intuitively knew.

Saint Anselm was a rationalistic mystic. It is fascinating to follow this humble, determined seeker of eternal truth in his ecstatic ascents to the world of pure spirit, and there realize with him the true essence and character of things; and it is touching to see him bravely undertake, with unwavering faith in his fundamental principle, to explain and document his mystical intuitions.

Levasti's study of his doctrine is thorough and profound. The Monologium and the famous Proslogium are carefully scrutinized, faithfully interpreted, and commented upon with rare acumen. There is a minute examination of the important polemic with Gaunilo; while the De Veritate, the De Libero Arbitrio, the Cur Deus Homo, together with various other minor monographs, also receive adequate treatment. It is an illuminating study of the Saint's place in the history of philosophy. Says Levasti: "Other philosophers either before or after him—Aristotle or Saint Thomas—are more formidable: they have a more constructive mind, are capable of a broader vision; his scope is restricted, indeed I might say scanty; but on the other hand his love of God surpasses that of Aristotle and Saint Thomas." And further on: "It is true that his real philosophic greatness consists only in his proof of God a priori; but it is precisely for this proof that he is a genius. All his works might have been destroyed without great loss to us; but if we did not have the Proslogium, the philosophic world would lack something necessary. Sometimes I have tried to conceive Hegel without Kant and Descartes, Descartes without Marsenne, and Marsenne without Anselm: well, the missing of even a single link in the broken chain prevents the formation of the others, and if I take out Anselm I find it hard to believe that Descartes and Hegel would have reached their full idealism."

All this is true, but if I may be more daring than the very cautious Levasti, there is more. In my modest opinion, there is a very important point in the philosophy of Anselm that does not really escape the learned critic, although he does not dare to advance it, perhaps for fear of making the Saint "addirittura un pensatore moderno." Less scrupulous than he, and without the historian's heavy sense of responsibility, I may perhaps be permitted to present it for what it is worth.

According to Levasti, the reason why Saint Anselm's a priori proof of God does not convince his critic Gaunilo, nor any rationalist or other unbeliever, is because an intuition "precisely because it is an intuition cannot be proved"; for, "it is impossible to rationalize an intuition in a perfectly convincing manner." Now this, it seems to me from Levasti's own treatise, is precisely what Anselm, the rationalistic mystic, would never have admitted. For the conviction that all intuitions are demonstrable constitutes the prime stimulus to all his philosophic activity, and it alone can explain his tremendous effort to prove even God a priori. Not that according to the Saint all the mysteries of the Christian religion are solvable by human reason, in spite of the fact that for him "every Christian dogma is as it were a compendium of the natural life bound fast to the supernatural." Indeed, in a retranslation of his own words, quoted by the commentator, "If the Christian succeeds in understanding, let him rejoice; if not, let him venerate."

Notwithstanding this the intuition of a truth undoubtedly meant for him its possible rational demonstration, and a correct demonstration at that, for (as Levasti states) according to Anselm, "philosophy cannot be contrary to either religion or theology." If he had not believed in the competence and instrumentality of *true* reason to achieve the full knowledge in friendly collaboration and perfect agreement with faith, he would not have done what he did constantly and consistently all his life: that is, apply reason to faith. In fact, it is this basic conviction of the perfect conciliation between true faith and true reason, or, we might say, between science and religion, that informs and characterizes all his spiritual activity and teaching. And it is this conviction that determines his method of arriving at the truth, a method for which, if original with him, he is in my opinion truly great philosophically, even greater than for his ontological proof of God.

The substance of my argument is all taken from Levasti's book, and especially from Chapter III, in which he discusses Faith and Reason according to Saint Anselm. One of his main points there is that Anselm was not an out-and-out rationalist; and it seems to me that he proves his point. To be sure Anselm declares that "The rational mind is the only one of all creatures that can rise to the investigation of the summa essentia, and is also the only one through which it can itself advance most in the discovery of itself; it being an established fact that it approximates itself greatly in similarity of natural essence." And he also declares that "Reason is the most important faculty of man, and it must judge all that is in man." But, as Levasti maintains, "Reason for him is not entirely autonomous." "Reason for him clarifies, amplifies, and eliminates; but always within the irradiation of faith. Faith and reason are two harmonious arches of one and the same construction: one might say issuing one from the other. A reason giving explanations contrary to those of faith is for him inconceivable, since true reason is an illumination of God, Giver of the Faith. Reason surpassing faith is a controsenso, destructive reason a danger." So much for reason, which for Anselm is thus seen to be intimately associated and bound up with faith: it is, we might say, a supreme, essential organ of the spirit, having a definite function, and divinely ordained for the achievement of the full knowledge within the radius and under the direct illumination of faith.

Now let us consider his concept of faith. Levasti points out that it is essentially the Augustinian concept summed up in the formula, credo ut intelligam: that is, it is the light that makes us see limpidly, the secret to understand. But he also shows that to Anselm "I believe in order to understand" means, "I feel all perfused with faith, this becomes soul of my soul, it incorporates me with the Church, it fuses me with the Body of Christ. Mine is not a simple adherence, but an occult possession whereby the object I am considering becomes directly clear to me." This sort of immediate, natural incarnation "is not a succession of states," Levasti continues, "not first a faith that prepares and then a mind that knows, but a combined action of faith and reason. It is penetration and acquisition, trust and union. It is knowledge that manifests itself with the possession of it; it is faith that does not exclude effective coöperation, but which cannot be substituted: understanding

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comes only through believing." Thus the Augustinian formula becomes in Saint Anselm "qui non crediderit non experietur" and "qui expertus non fuit, non intelliget"; and the process is—faith, experience, knowledge, which constitute three fundamental states of faith, but so intimately bound together as really to form merely three aspects of the same faith: a faith-élan, which, as it perfects itself, becomes a unifying faith, and which, as it develops fully, becomes a faith that is knowledge. It is a process very similar to the development of mystical love, says Levasti, and in fact the critic finds that for the Saint "love is the vital centre of faith," and "live faith is synonymous with love." He quotes Anselm as declaring "one must love love more than science," or "da amorem et accipe regnum." But then he is afraid to exaggerate the value of this "pragmatism of considerable importance," and yet is forced to admit that according to Saint Anselm "sperimentare e necessario." Conjointly with the élan that is love, the latter maintains, in order to attain the fullest development of faith—the faith that is knowledge—you need to experiment, or experience, the particular object of faith. It is thus that "thought becomes conscious, and enlightened reason operates usefully." It follows, then, that the intellect, or reason, is as necessary to faith as that faith must illuminate reason. The two are inextricably, nicely bound together, and one cannot function properly without the other.

In other words, faith and reason though inseparable and mutually subservient, are different essentially and each has a peculiar, distinct action which independently exercises a certain influence on the formation and operation of the other, according to Saint Anselm. Faith excites the intellect, illuminates reason, and circumscribes the sphere of intellectual activity. Reason investigates within that radius, examines, refutes, concedes, accords. Alone neither of them can disclose the full, true knowledge: faith may lead to purely fanciful images, reason to mere abstractions, even to chaos. Neither is in a sense superior or inferior to the other, although faith may be said to be the nobler of the two; and neither is complete without the other, although each has a different and distinct function partially autonomous. On the other hand, together and acting conjointly, they alone produce the full, true knowledge. They are two harmonious arches issuing one from the other and forming one construction; and well could the Saint exclaim gratefully to God, in Levasti's beautiful translation: "Quello ch'io credetti, te donante, gia cosi l'intendo, te illuminante."

Now, it seems to me that if Levasti's account of the Anselmian philosophy, both theory and practice, is correct—and I believe it is—this highly original and very striking concept of the working of the human spirit not only amounts to the modern theory of the dual form of knowledge, but clarifies it, and in some respects even surpasses it. We have only to substitute the two modern terms, intuitive and intellectual knowledge for faith and reason, to realize how clear and modern is Saint Anselm's understanding of the function of the spirit.

Benedetto Croce, last of the great thinkers to tackle the problem of knowledge, says no more, nor is he any more specific; indeed, he says less, and emphasizes one side of the question at the expense of the other. Croce in his Aesthetics maintains the independence of intuitive knowledge from intellectual knowledge, which as it were only by chance is generally found merely in close association with, or following immediately the intuitive process. He does not consider intellectual knowledge an essential factor of the intuition, nor does he assign to intuitive knowledge the rôle of guide to reason. In the field of aesthetics he defends precisely what Anselm would condemn as mere fancies, just as the latter condemns pure rationalism in the field of intellectual science as chaotic or merely abstract thinking. As we have seen, for Anselm the full and true knowledge is neither fanciful nor imaginary like that of the Crocian artist, nor purely abstract like that of the extreme rationalist. According to Anselm the intuitive form illuminates, limits and directs the intellectual; the latter examines, clarifies and amplifies the former; the first, we might say, contributes the adjective true, and the second the adjective full; and if they are two, they are yet one, two in one. For him an intuition that is not understood is not full knowledge, and reason alone leads to false knowledge or mere abstractions. Croce concedes concept-images, but these are not for him any more true than the mere images of the fanciful artist, and only differ from the latter in that the essence of the image is a concept.

According to him they are equally real; in any case an intuition does not need the services of the intellect in order to be. He would reserve the intellect for the critic, and apparently does not realize that during the very process of creation the artist after all is and must be thinking; that is, he exercises his intellectual faculty and is at once the creator and first critic of his own images. The thinking or consciousness of an image, whether fanciful or conceptual, does not follow however shortly the act of creation, but is, as Saint Anselm maintains, conjoint and contemporaneous with it. We may speak of different aspects of the intuition, as Anselm does, but not of successive stages, in which the intuition is first pure and simple, something existing in concrete form apart from the intellectual consciousness of the intuiter, and later seized, observed and criticized by the intellect. Truly an intuition is knowledge, that is, fully and really an intuition, only in contact with and under the immediate control of the experiencing intellect. Thus Saint Anselm is obviously more specific and precise than Croce; a millennium before him he penetrated deeper in the essence of knowledge, saw more clearly, and not only had, but surpassed our modern concept. Morover, his was not merely a theory, but a remarkable, consistent and continuous practice, which was crowned by one of the greatest of philosophical successes.

Returning to the original question, why is Gaunilo not convinced by Anselm's proof? In my opinion, it is not so much the Saint's fault as that of the rationalist. It is not because Anselm may have failed to rationalize fully his intuition: for this, in keeping with his philosophy, would imply an imperfect intuition; whereas, judging from Levasti's account, the Saint's intuiton of God had all the required characteristics, that is, élan, experience, knowledge. Moreover, the rationalization would appear to be fully adequate if, again considering the philosophy of Anselm, we recall the limits he assigns to the rational faculty. I believe the reason is because the pure rationalist, excluding the intuitive process, discards the very substance of Anselm's rational demonstration. In a sense it is true that an intuition cannot be fully rationalized, and that Anselm's proof is really for the believer, but only in the sense that intuitive knowledge and intellectual knowledge mutually exclude each other; which is not so, either in accordance with the Saint's philosophy or with any one's personal experience. Of course, it is impossible to rationalize the very thing that is not admitted: in this case there is nothing left to rationalize. But if we accept the intuition, and recall that in the Saint's concept this implies intellectual consciousness, or direct experience, then it seems to me that it is not only entirely possible to rationalize it fully, but its demonstration within the radius of the intuition, as the philosopher prescribes, is its full, adequate rationalization. Which is precisely what the Saint does with his intuition of God. How could Gauni-

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lo be convinced when he had never experimented God, and refused to subject himself to Anselm's experience? He rejected the very fact that was the theme of the argument. This was not only unfair, but illogical, in itself an irrational act. And after that, there could be no more argument. He did precisely what Anselm condemned: he wanted to reason abstractly, not concretely; he reasoned outside, not within the irradiation of the intuition; and would thus allow his reason to go unguided, aimlessly, blindly. This was why he could not be convinced. It was really a question of method, not properly a case of philosophic disagreement.

This method of Saint Anselm, which I hope is by now perfectly clear, and which in any case can easily be reconstructed by any one directly from Levasti's treatise, is in my opinion the philosopher's most important contribution to knowledge, even more important than his Proslogium because more fundamental and the sine qua non of the Proslogium itself.

Levasti has rendered a real service both to the middle-ages and to our own by resurrecting and expounding so lucidly the theory and practice of this great philosopher. I hope that my own little corollary is not extravagantly fanciful, but will meet with his and the reader's approval.

COMMUNICATIONS

HENRY IV

Jersey City, N. J.

TO the Editor:—I desire to express my hearty appreciation of the recent letter of Mr. C. Bachem on Shakespeare and the inferior taste that has developed in modern drama.

The truth of Mr. Bachem's statements was recently impressed upon me when I enjoyed the pleasure of seeing Henry IV presented by the Stratford Players of Saint Peter's Preparatory College, Jersey City, in a local theatre. Every scene was perfectly set—a difficult task for Henry IV. The youthful Players must have been thoroughly drilled in Shakespeare. It was not a memory lesson, but a most impressive delineation of the characters of this magnetic play. Everything was so natural to them—the elocution, stage presence, gestures; in a word, every aspect of dramatic art.

Meanwhile, the audience was held with the charm of Shakespeare. Many I saw there were neither alumni nor alumnae of colleges. All came to see what was high in mind and pure in heart. And they received it. It proved that an American audience can digest solid and noble food, as well as be attracted by the "tittle-tattle" to which Mr. Bachem rightly refers. These young thespians demonstrated that a laugh does not depend upon the many inventions, most of them puerile, of the modern comedians.

After many years as a director of parish dramatics in which I have seen the value of the taste of genuine plays decreasing, slowly but surely, Saint Peter's Players seem to offer a good solution to the problem.

Colleges make it their duty to study dramatic classics. Their professors are masters in their work. To them, at least, the theatre-goer looks for an ideal. And if colleges present Shakespeare as cleverly as these young thespians, enthusiasm and encouragement will be aroused.

As I looked over the happy countenances of the proud fathers and mothers of those who were in the cast, I thought how joyful and consoling it was to them to see their sons manifesting the fruits of a perfect training in English, elocution, and especially a taste for what is wholesome and pure.

REV. JOSEPH A. SHOVLIN.

POPULAR LITURGY

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—May I comment on this sentence in your editorial, Popular Liturgy, in the issue of January 15: "It is not always easy to turn from one part of the missal to another, and the reference work required by some editions is stupendous."

Perhaps I have little right to speak, for I have been a Catholic but fourteen months. Then again, perhaps I have all the more right. Born and raised in a church which has a prayer-book and accustomed to following a liturgy and understanding it, I could not be content on entering the Catholic Church to "hear mass" and not follow it even if others could. Here is the record:

In 1928, on the thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost, for the first time I tried to follow the mass with a prayer-book, not a missal, and was completely lost; then, having the Saint Andrew's Missal put into my hands by the priest from whom I was receiving instruction, I still was frequently lost at mass; however, by the aid of natural-born stubbornness, but thanks most of all to the patience and helpfulness of my instructor, I found my way with increasing ease especially on Sundays having no commemorations, until June 1, the Sunday within the octave of Corpus Christi, when I successfully followed the mass throughout. Honesty compels me to admit that I had attended mass almost daily since November 21. On First Fridays, of course, with the new mass not yet published in any missal, I am out of luck.

It helps to look out the liturgy the evening before, but the Saint Andrew's Missal is so arranged that there is no "stupendous reference work" involved; and one can frequently follow without looking it out beforehand, as, for instance, last Sunday, which was both the Sunday within the octave of the Epiphany and the Feast of the Holy Family, with the commemoration of the octave, with the necessary pages clearly indicated by number.

As long as I live, I shall look with envy on those reared in the Church, with years under the shadow of her wing that I have not known; whose precious treasure the liturgy of the mass has always been; and, were it labor to follow the mass, will you seriously tell me that that is a reason "authentic and important"? Will you tell me, a convert, that the prize is not worth any sacrifice of time and thought and convenience that I may make?

MARY TOWNSEND ROWE.

WEIGH IN THE FIGHTERS

Dorchester, Mass.

TO the Editor:—It would be a perilous adventure, on the eve of the London Naval Conference, to say what its outcome will be. We shall not be amiss, however, if we pay our respects to, or even give three cheers for the Latin mind which has brought to the surface the submerged thought that the only conceivable naval parity is at zero, for when we take the number one or any of its multiples we face immediately, the ponderables of tonnage and guns, speed, need, bases, etc., as to which there can be no equation.

Nevertheless, while Italy's suggested zero is conceivable it is not achievable in the present state of the laws of war, nor ever, without divine aid, which is the last thing that our self-complacent civilization would ask for.

Mr. Hurley's recent suggestion that some two dozen gentlemen might prevent war by withholding the materials, seems

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unworkable if we consider the probable answer of the political powers immediately concerned, "While you hamstring us what will we be doing?"

If fantastic plans be in order why not borrow an idea from boyology, or the prize-ring? "Take a fella your size." Weigh in the fighters; no ship to fight out of its class. "No two onto one"; one ship against one ship of equal weight, power and speed, the nations that are neutral to referee the fight and control the fighting.

Absurd! Of course, nearly as absurd as firing on ships of commerce or bombarding the non-combatant populations of cities and towns.

CHRISTOPHER I. FITZGERALD.

MRS. MEYNELL'S VIEWS

Providence, R. I.

TO the Editor:—The letter which appeared in The Commonweal of January 15 under the heading Mrs. Meynell's Views, seems to be singularly unfortunate in the opinion of a compatriot and sincere admirer of that deeply-lamented lady. While there is no question of arguing with the blunt fact of an existing letter in the actual possession of your correspondent, there is the danger, verified in your columns, that such a letter could be used to prove too much. The result is, that Mrs. Meynell's judgment, usually so sane and reliable, can now be called into serious question; a fact doubly deplorable, since the one unconsciously responsible for it was on the intimate terms of correspondence with her.

The "sincere idealism" of Mrs. Meynell is beyond dispute; the projects of a united civilization, and of a great nation freed from the undoubted evil of alcoholism, are ones that would naturally receive the whole-hearted endorsement of such a gentle and peace-loving spirit. But thanks to the glib clap-trap of certain twentieth-century literature, "idealism" can be and is twisted to cover the essentially inane and bizarre. Mrs. Meynell's idealism was of the genuine order; it instinctively discriminated between the wheat and the chaff, and it would have instantly rejected prohibition as a national measure if it had been brought face to face with that measure worked out in its present-day disgusting details. But while we mourn her, we cannot refrain from a certain gratitude that she has been spared the sight of the degradation of the country she loved so much, and this by the very project which, at the time of her writing, seemed so full of promise.

REV. MARTIN HUGHES, O.S.F.C.

FARMING AS A BUSINESS

Convent, N. J.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Robert Stewart, whose article, Farming as a Business, appeared in The Commonweal for January 8, will perhaps dismiss any mention of farming as a mode of living in this advanced year, 1930, as the result of "loose and unsound thinking in the field of agricultural economics." It is my opinion, however, that Mr. Stewart in his solution of the farm problem quite disregards the farmer as anything but a producer of economic utilities. He would solve the farmer's problem by doing away with the farmer. He believes that "mergers of small farm units into coöperatives and pools for the distribution of farm products is not only sound and desirable but inevitable." If "desirable" is to be taken only in application to the total amount of yearly profits on agriculture in our country, Mr. Stewart, as an economist, is very probably correct. Our chain retail stores and merged manufacturing plants have demonstrated conclusively the assets of big business in dollars and cents.

But, as an admirer of, and believer in the rural life of our country, I am strongly opposed to Mr. Stewart's statement, "There are still too many farmers." According to his theory, the farmer must move away from his farm, shut himself up in a factory or possibly add another member to the list of unemployed in one of our large cities. In the meantime, the farmer's land will be combined with several other such pieces of land, a number of capitalists will finance the vast undertaking, and the wheels of a "commercialized industry" will turn speedily, efficiently.

Life on the farm will have run its course. No longer will the farmer exist to take pride in the crops produced from soil he called his own. Something very vital to America, if not to American "commercialized industry" will disappear, the rural home.

"And if civilization is to progress, there must still be a continued movement away from the farm and toward the city," continued Mr. Stewart. To me urban civilization is not quite what our country lacks at present. The Reverend Edwin V. O'Hara, in an article, The Rural Community and the Family, said, "The farm may rightly be described as the native habitat of the family. Modern industry and urban life generally have made a vicious attack upon family life. In contrast to the threatened collapse of the urban home, family life still flourishes on the farm."

MARGARET REARDON.

THE EXPERTS LOOK AT UNEMPLOYMENT

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—The mild criticism which M. D. Ashe directs at me in his letter in The Commonweal, January 22, is based upon a misunderstanding of the paragraph with which it deals. Most of that paragraph was "writ sarcastic." I had no intention of defending the materialistic philosophy which is implicit in some parts of the Report on Recent Economic Changes, although I can understand how the members of the committee have come to accept that philosophy. For the rest, I agree entirely with the position taken by Mr. Ashe. Unfortunately, it is not only the men who wrote the Report that subscribe to this false theory that social welfare consists in unlimited production for the unlimited satisfaction of unlimited physical and emotional wants, but the chairman, Mr. Hoover himself.

In more than one of the speeches he delivered during the last presidential campaign and in more than one of the pronouncements that he has made since he became an occupant of the White House, he has given expression to this materialistic philosophy. While he does occasionally throw in as a sort of afterthought the reflection that all this material well-being is consistent with the pursuit of moral and spiritual goods, these observations are of quite secondary importance in his speeches and writings. Even so, they are contrary to all experience. The cultivation of spiritual, ethical and even intellectual values can never become general or notable in a society which is immersed in materialism.

REV. JOHN A. RYAN.

(The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views on all topics that are of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.)

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THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Everything's Jake

DON MARQUIS is a versatile writer of many moods, evidently torn somewhat in his own mind between the things he would like best to write and what he believes to be the public appetite for a very different twist of the pen. His latest comedy to reach the stage is an amusing affair in comic-strip key, with no pretension whatever to distinction—unless it be in those delicious moments when he draws an expert picture of an English countess making her first direct contacts with an American bootlegger.

Everything's Jake concerns itself with the unwilling trip to Paris of Jake Smith, successful Long Island bootlegger and tavern-keeper. The material is more or less obvious—the pathetic old wife seeking her first chance at glamour, the daughter who has been to a finishing school, Jake's old cronies who accompany him as a bodyguard in his misery, the ex-American chorus girl, widow of an English title and now living by polite blackmail. The latter's activities form the main subject-matter of the Paris incidents, and by the time Don Marquis is through narrating them, there is little in the field of blackmail, imaginary babies and the like which is left unexplored. It makes rather gross, not to say trite, comedy.

The redeeming features of the occasion are the fundamental decency and humanness of Jake and his wife, and the hilarious moments when the Countess of Billhorn is on the stage. The Countess comes to a tea at the Smith's hotel apartment in Paris—largely in search of a new contributor to her charities. She is, at first, haughty and bored. But all her sporting blood is warmed at the sight of Jake and his cronies. They are real—so is she. Her family fortune is built on whisky. A good bootlegger is a man after her own heart. A future business deal is arranged at once—with all that powerful directness of which certain English women are capable. The scene is the one unobvious twist in the whole play.

This play is the third or fourth program offering of the New York Theatre Assembly, now occupying the old Princess Theatre. Thurston Hall plays the part of the unhappy Jake, Charles Kennedy, Walter Vonnegut and Edward Donnelly give life and contrast to the parts of Jake's cronies, Jean Adair does well as the wife, and Ethel Morrison brightens the entire play with her one scene as the Countess of Billhorn. (At the Assembly Theatre.)

Josef Suss

IT WAS inevitable that someone should seize upon the dramatic possibilities of Lion Feuchtwanger's novel, Power, and turn it into play form. Ashley Dukes is the author of the version now being given under the auspices of Charles Dillingham, with Maurice Moscovitch playing the leading rôle of Josef Suss Oppenheimer—that chancelor who, in Feuchtwanger's story, ruled and ruined the duchy of Wurtemberg in the early eighteenth century.

The original novel has been freely and often criticized. It was a curious combination of cynicism and insight, of dripping sensuality and the perception of finer possibilities, of pseudo-mysticism and brutal realism. There was something heavily unhealthy about it, as of incense used to cover the odors of decay. Yet it had certain remarkable points. Among them was the picture it gave of the teeming life of central Europe before the work of Frederick the Great had begun to consolidate the German principalities against the empire. Life flowed abundantly through its long pages—lecherous, distorted life, always in shadow and in murky places, life which would have perished in the open sunlight. There were but two characters in it that emerged from the dismal mess—one the old Rabbi Gabriel, uncle of Josef Suss, and the other Suss's ethereal daughter, barely outlined, as if she might have been a glimmer of the better self which Suss had abandoned in his lust for power. Yet all the meanness, all the despicable hypocrisy, all the senseless pride of the dozens of other characters could not destroy the impression of vitality. The book described an earthly hell—but it was not a book of ghosts and puppets. Against the men and women in power one never ceased to feel arrayed the force of the mob, the resentful tortured masses of the duchy, cursing their libertine and spendthrift duke, choking with rage against the powerful and unscrupulous chancelor, Suss.

It is this sense of the mob that one loses utterly in the present play. The story in play form becomes primarily the story of Suss and the duke, of their first meeting at the gaming tables, when Suss offers his credit at a crucial moment, of their subsequent strange companionship in extortion and worse, of Suss's cynical maneuvers to get the daughter of Councilor Weissensee as the duke's mistress, and of Weissensee's slow revenge through discovering the forest hiding place of Suss's own daughter and through leading the duke to that place. This daughter, Naemi, is the one luminous spot in Suss's life. He has placed her in charge of his mystical old uncle, Rabbi Gabriel. But the duke is no respector of purity and innocence. Naemi, fleeing from his advances, falls from the balcony of the house and is killed. From this instant, Suss loses all thought of power. He lives for but one purpose, revenge, knowing full well that in bringing the downfall of the duke, he is accomplishing his own downfall as well. At the end, even revenge loses its flavor. The duke dies as a result of Suss's treachery—but Suss himself must be a sacrifice to the infuriated mob. The warnings of Rabbi Gabriel are fulfilled. Suss has sought the wrong roads, both that to power and the one to revenge. He must pay the price of a lost soul.

In this story alone, there is, of course, ample dramatic material, and Ashley Dukes has wrought many scenes of eloquent intensity which Maurice Moscovitch plays to the hilt—and occasionally too far beyond! But the net impressions of the play and the book are utterly different. In the book, the characters, though individually alive, attain their proportions chiefly as symbols of great forces in conflict. In the play, the characters have only their own strength to draw upon. We see a conflict of persons rather than principles. In brief, Mr. Dukes has written a play in which plot dominates substance.

Like the book, the play suffers from an overdose of illustrative material. Even though the moral of the tale points to the emptiness of lust in all its forms, whether for power, the flesh or revenge, the plot centers so largely on the corruption of the ducal court that the play tends to become a pageant of glittering evil. The settings and costumes are sumptuous. The large cast is well selected and directed, with two outstanding performances by Moscovitch and by Malcolm Keen as the duke. (At Erlanger's Theatre.)

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Disraeli

ONE begins to gather real hope in the future of the talkies after seeing George Arliss in the Vitaphone production of Disraeli. In the first place, it marks a decided step forward in the mechanics of vocal reproduction. Up to the present, mechanical imperfections have served chiefly to break the illusion which the older silent screen had succeeded in establishing. Lack of proper synchronization of sound and film often resulted in distressing moments, comparable only to those earliest days of the motion picture when, in the middle of a sequence, the projecting machine would falter, jerk violently and leave you for a few desperate seconds facing a still picture of suspended action. Illusion in entertainment is everything, and speech that lags behind the lips leaves illusion a sorry mess. There are not more than ten seconds in the whole length of Disraeli when the speech fails to have all the crisp accuracy indicated by the lip movement.

Starting with this mechanical advantage, the picture, through its careful planning and arrangement, begins to illustrate some of the important points of dramatic freedom which the talkies open up. Disraeli is probably one of the best-known plays of recent years throughout the United States. It charmed and delighted audiences for many a season. Yet I venture to say that if one were to see the play again, after seeing the present screen version, one would come away with a distinct sense of disappointment. The screen re-creates, as the play could never quite do, the sense of time and place and environment.

To illustrate—the screen story opens with a stump speech being made in Hyde Park, an anti-Disraeli speech. This gives you at once the setting of Disraeli's activities as the director, not only of a government, but of a people. Then you are carried to a corner of the Liberal Club, where Gladstone's name is magic. Here you have a repetition of the views of the man in the street. Then you are carried to the House of Commons during a speech by Gladstone himself. Disraeli is listening, crouched on the small of his back, with his hat tilted forward to hide his enigmatic face. Gladstone sits down. Disraeli rises slowly and begins his reply. By this third stroke, you see the man in his whole surrounding atmosphere—an impression vastly more solid and real than you can possibly gather from even the most skilful exposition of a play.

From this point on, the screen version follows the play quite closely, but without the break-up of action resulting from the convention of acts and curtains, and with a wealth of illustrative detail that off-stage action in a play can never furnish. The screen permits you to follow the characters from one room to another, from the house to the garden, from Disraeli's estate to Downing Street. In brief, the sense of atmosphere and reality is constantly being heightened and reinforced.

All this, of course, is an old story in the movies. Range and freedom have always been their advantage over the stage. But up to now, the conventions of pantomime and interrupting titles have meant a corresponding loss. It is the successful combination of self-explanatory speech with the established freedom of the screen in picturing atmosphere which is slowly giving the talkies a dramatic preëminence. Nothing, of course, will ever take the place of human presence—but it can be said with equal truth that no theatrical staging can ever take the place of illustrative atmosphere. Growing mechanical perfection in the talkies brings a basis for real and healthy competition. No one interested in the acting art should miss seeing Disraeli as an index of what the future talking screen holds. (At the Central Theatre.)

BOOKS

The Road to Savagery

Our Business Civilization, by James Truslow Adams. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $3.00.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS writes as a disciple of Matthew Arnold, as one for whom the word "culture" has a very definite and rich content. He has also pondered the book of another Adams, the famous Education of Henry, and has been oppressed by the suspicion that prognostications about democracy implied in its pages have proved all too true. And what can one man do about it? about the drift away from any sound concept of the value of the individual? He can only speak out, as Henry Adams spoke out, and as James Truslow Adams now speaks out. Mr. Adams has achieved a scale of values for himself, and he feels that it is only fair to put American civilization to the test of those values in the interests of others who may feel with them. As a social critic his position combines advantages: he has worked in Wall Street for a dozen years, he is an established historian with a sense of the past, and he has lately been living in England, where the contrast between two civilizations must impinge upon him constantly and sharply.

There is little that is new in this book. Ten years ago Van Wyck Brooks made us familiar with the central problem in American culture, the problem that is phrased by Adams in the words, "Can a great civilization be built up or maintained upon the philosophy of the counting-house and the sole basic idea of profit?" (In Brooks's Americans Coming-of-Age the problem was clarified by the happy division of Americans into "high-brow" and "low-brow"—the "high-brows" being the American clubwomen who have cornered all the culture, and the "low-brows" being the men, who have ceased to honor literature and art as male interests, and who honor "pure science" only after it has been translated into profit for the exploiters of ideas developed in the laboratory.) Mr. Adams's paper on May I Ask? which bemoans the lack of good conversation in America, has been written, in effect, some time ago by Albert Jay Nock. The theme of standardization, of mass production, of the low state of political life in America, are old stories.

But the fact that Mr. Adams addresses himself to problems that have disturbed other men is not to be urged against Our Business Civilization. Must we forever tend to confuse "news" and "truth"? If the truth be true, then it ought to be proclaimed again and again in a society that knows it not. To cease talking is to give up the battle, and that Mr. Adams will not do. He talks on, with cool sobriety, and with the plea, designed to placate those who will denounce him as a calamity howler, that "if a doctor pronounces a patient to have a bad circulation and a dangerous local infection in his leg, it cannot be complained of him that he has failed to speak the whole truth because he has said nothing of what a good husband, a loyal friend and able executive the patient happens to be."

To those who talk about our "high standard of living," Mr. Adams retorts that it may be a high standard—but it is a high standard on a "low plane." He thinks the older generation "has lost its spiritual bearings by its mad scramble for money." Our ethics are "dissolving." He objects that the powerful interests in politics preach Jefferson—and live by Hamilton. To Mr. Hoover's plea for law observance in toto, he comes back with the logical absurdities that are the terminal points of much of Mr. Hoover's argument. In what is perhaps his

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best chapter, that of Mass Production and Intellectual Production, he quotes a batch of alarming statistics to show that professors can no longer afford to remain on the campus, for they are "pinched between the two classes benefiting by mass production"—"the owners above setting ever higher standards of living and the operatives below pressing steadily past them in an orgy of material well-being. . . ." His observations on The Mucker Pose are aimed to combat our cult of the primitive in slang, in manners, in morals. His paper on President Eliot's formula of education for "power and service" chimes in with Irving Babbitt's recent Forum criticism of the ideals of the Harvard educator. And in Is America Young? he asks us, "In the name of every high ideal that man has ever cherished" when are we going to start to build a civilization on material resources if not now?

Mr. Adams himself realizes that much of his criticism is familiar to many. The prime value of the book he has written is that it calls attention to its point, elaborates its point, orchestrates its point . . . until it is bound to have its fruition in the proselytizing of others who are infected by its spirit. The new humanism makes much capital out of the idea of the "will" opposing the "flux." To some readers it must inevitably seem that too much talk is expended upon this idea in the abstract. Our Business Civilization is an example of a more valuable thing than abstract theorizing: it *is* will opposing the flux of American life. In Mr. Adams's opinion, the road to conformity in an effort to "keep up with the Joneses" is the "road back to savagery." His argument in favor of getting off that road into the more humanly valuable byways is persuasive.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

Sensitive Craftsmanship

Witch and Other Poems, by Grace Hazard Conkling. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IT IS Walter Pater who contends in his essay on Style that the literary artist is of necessity a scholar. "His punctilious observance of the proprieties of his medium will diffuse through all he writes a general air of sensibility, of refined usage."

Such an idea, as well as such an ideal, springs to one's consciousness in the reading and study of Mrs. Conkling's new collection of poems. Here assuredly is "punctilious observance"; here, too, an "air of sensibility, of refined usage." Indeed, to one admirer of this small volume, so beautifully complemented in its appearance by the good taste and originality of its publishers, the obvious workmanship of the poet is more impressive even than the measures, the cadences, the atmosphere, the imagery of her poetry. Evident in every line, every phase is that conscious care which can never be satisfied with anything but the best in the imagination, the experience, the training of the poet, that meticulous nicety, that pruning and polishing which Horace in his Ars Poetica calls "the labor of the file." And it is from such labor as this, one must believe, that there inevitably ensues that "mysterious harmony of expression" which constituted the literary faith of Flaubert, a harmony inevitably resulting when with invincible patience one searched and waited for the discovery of the one unique form and turn of expression.

Clearly, Mrs. Conkling possesses that invincible patience, and, therefore, that harmony of expression. Her poems are finished and complete. She must, one thinks and hopes, be satisfied in knowing she has given her best. That best, too, is presented in an abundance of varied forms and measures. The poem Witch, that lends the volume its name, is in itself an interchange of forms necessary to varying moods—here a sonnet, there a succession of quatrains. The series of interpretative poems, written on the dancing of L'Argentina, are likewise adroitly manipulated to suit the single occasion and its effect. The short and separate verses under the divisions Poems of Mallorca and Records comprise a great variety of rhythms and rhyme schemes, always satisfying, whether they present in terse couplets a kind of colorless and intellectual brightness of swift understanding, or in irregular, unrhymed lines the hurrying notes of "a little headlong tune of Haydn," or in warm and mellow quatrains the golden air of the hilltop monastery of Holy Mary.

But, at least to the reviewer, the richest treasures of the volume lie in the series of ten sonnets called Steamer Letter. These are unforgettable. In the first place, each is complete in itself, in its own mood. One is buoyant and resilient in its bright imagery; another possesses a kind of archness which might be deceiving were it not for the swift drop to a minor note at its close; a third is almost austere in its ironic, yet wistful aloofness. And all share an elusive dignity, a restraint, a frugal, well-bred closeness of tone and atmosphere. Here in this sequence occurs, too, the best imagery in the book, an imagery largely dependent for its perfection upon an impeccable choice of adjectives and of verbs:

> But if you see a porpoise leaping clear,
> No matter when it is, oh, think of me!
> Some other life that is what I shall be.
> I'll cross with ships a hundred times a year,
> I'll nudge the ribs of liners lifting sheer
> As fabulous whales, yet hug my liberty,
> And burrow with a snout of ebony
> Under the swaying schooners and the queer
>
> Rust-tarnished, sulky tramps that stagger and roll,
> Hearing the bow draw breath and the foam rustle,
> Or whirl at evening from the sea's control
> Into the light and dare the setting sun
> To plunge and race with me and wallow in fun,
> A thing of fluent bones and golden muscle.

Surely no one who knows the sea can fail alike to experience here the rise and fall of the ship and to delight in the "sulky tramps," "rust-tarnished," "swaying schooners."

In the delicacy of its workmanship as well as in the sensitiveness and beauty of its finished work Mrs. Conkling's volume is at once a delight and a reassurance. For she has shown that in the frenzied "making of many books" one may with care and patience keep one's literary conscience not only clear but harmonious and ordered.

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

The Terrible Dynamo

Dance of the Machines, by Edward J. O'Brien. New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

MR. O'BRIEN assembles thirty iniquities against his enemy, the machine. It is "impersonal," he claims, "its ideal is standardization," "it encourages mass production." These phrases, and each of his twenty-seven others, merely repeat old contentions.

The author never examines them. If we grant to him, for example, that machinery standardizes, precisely what have we gained? Do we know the nature and the extent of the standardization, the effect upon the goods, the condition of the laborers? Or are we so lacking in facts, cases and statistics

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that "standardization" remains but a word of Mr. O'Brien's, instead of a tool by which to comprehend and to control the machine? His need is to clinch his claims. And this he might do by observing the methods of Stuart Chase in Men and Machines (one of the titles, by the way, in his bibliography).

Mr. O'Brien tries to pyramid his thirty assertions: materials are degraded first, then the worker is cheapened, creativeness next is deadened, and finally, as if at the apex, instead of the "saint, the hero, and the artist, the machine offers mankind a new mysticism of material things." Almost every value, apparently, has decayed; while the body, the mind, the very spirit of man, have been blighted by iron mechanisms. Such is the structure of the author. Unfortunately it does not stand because its single blocks are unsound assertions.

Overemphasis likewise injures his argument, for he often implies that the machine alone should be blamed for this avalanche of thirty evils. If humanity more and more disorders itself by means of its inventions, should the inanimate instruments be accused of the change? Mr. O'Brien, having foreseen the query, replies that he overemphasizes deliberately: those who have unknowingly been muddling machine and human values must be jarred into thinking. It may be that he will succeed in disturbing them; but he must pay by sending away every reader who will not accept his overstatements. Thus, in giving the first section of his book to thirty unballasted complaints, he fails to demolish his enemy. At most he can upset the uncontemplative only.

We expect more of him when he turns to the short story. For Mr. O'Brien, the anthologist, has always sought to enrich the fiction of our magazines by favoring the artist against the glittering trickster, whether in the Dial, the Post, or other periodicals.

Yet his discussion is disappointing, first of all because he calls the machine to blame for the deficiencies of our fiction. For proof he simply scaffolds upon the American short story his thirty charges against the machine. The writer, he contends, is really a mechanism with no other choice than conformity. His tales must appear in magazines which may revel in money only if they soothe the reader and the advertiser. Hence he must nettle neither of these; he must varnish over the emptiness of his work; his plots must be flashy, his endings happy, his vision harmless. If he is independent he soon is rendered tractable; and if he rebels he conforms but differently, becoming the reverse of the successful scribbler. In short, thinks Mr. O'Brien, American writers conform to a short story which is shackled to the machine. Now a question comes. Do such conformity and such shackledom really exist? One asks because Mr. O'Brien does not convince us of their reality.

A second disappointment is that the author sometimes omits information. Though we may agree that the popular magazines are indeed discouraging to American literature, we do not forget that Ring Lardner has always written for them. Mr. O'Brien, we then see, is twice neglectful: for the sake of his thesis he neglects to include the fact that Lardner's writing has often been cheapened because of the magazines; and he somehow contrives to overlook his stories altogether. Again, if Lardner has subdued the devil of conformity others may also achieve their maturity within the magazines. This hope, to be sure, is tiny; but the author does not even mention it.

Before he concludes, Mr. O'Brien appraises Sherwood Anderson and Ernest Hemingway. "The machine has robbed our two finest story writers of a religious faith, a general philosophy and a principle of unity"; Anderson has consequently been imprisoned again in business, he affirms, while the "struggle is heroic" for Hemingway. If all of this can be due to the machine one might as well blame it for everything. Furthermore, Mr. O'Brien explains neither the Hemingway of the past nor the newer Hemingway, the creator of A Farewell to Arms. His criticism of both writers is consequently scattered and fragmentary.

Finally, how is Mr. O'Brien going to stifle his enemy? We must "save the innocence of the young, and always encourage their creative inclinations"; then they in their time will be able to "stare down machinery." He does not tell us how; he therefore really tells us nothing.

He needs to clarify his problem. How many people are chained to machines, and how much are they injured? How many more are bound indirectly to them, and what is the degree of their abuse? We know so little we must know more. But we do know that machinery is not, despite the affirmations of Mr. O'Brien, the cause of our predicaments, although it certainly complicates them. It is a manifestation of them. So, if we are to dominate the machine we must unravel these predicaments; in the words of Walter Lippmann, we must begin to "put a term upon that pursuit of money, of power, and of excitement" which befuddles modern men everywhere. At present we pursue these for themselves. We must learn to pursue money and power—if pursue them we must—only in terms of human good.

But how shall we learn? Earnest men are trying to teach us, and Mr. O'Brien is among them. He is gallant and willing, like Don Quixote; yet he too will be futile unless he girds slowly, and with sure weapons.

JEROME MELLQUIST.

Religion and Sociology

The Social Sources of Denominationalism, by H. Richard Niebuhr. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

DR. NIEBUHR modestly admits that he cannot pretend to qualify as a sociologist. Perhaps that is why he has written such a clear, sensible, restrained and convincing book about the influence of social conditions upon the rise of the various denominations. He remarks very shrewdly that a denomination's conception of the sins from which men are to be saved is more important than the theological creed which it expresses. For instance, when preachers of any one denomination universally inveigh against cursing and swearing, but let the rich grind down the poor, there will come a time when the poor will seek other religious affiliations—or create a religion of their own promising some measure of earthly happiness. And the same thing happens when racial or nationalistic aspirations are denied.

As a professor in a Lutheran seminary, Dr. Niebuhr is concerned primarily with the Protestant sects. Nevertheless, much of what he writes has at least an indirect application to the Catholic Church. "The Reformation was not, to be sure, a 'revolt of the rich against the poor,' but in its final outcome it established churches which offered religious sanctuary to bourgeoisie and nobility but sent the poor away empty to find some other home for their faith." It was no accident that the Industrial Revolution, with a proletariat supplanting a peasantry, capitalism and a factory system, seems particularly at home with a Protestant philosophy, and secured its greatest development in Protestant countries. Hence it was tragically ironic that Catholics a few years ago in this country should be defending capitalism so vigorously.

Catholics can learn much from the experience of those around

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them. It is true that the Catholic Church is much more universal than any sect in the sense of embracing and satisfying folk of every social class. Any priest with pastoral experience in a big city knows the consolation many poor people get out of their Catholicism. The quiet church, the colorful worship, the sense of solidarity with such a tremendous organization as the Catholic Church, are their escape from the turmoil and hardships of life.

Nevertheless, we should not shut our eyes to the fact that outside the Church various social movements from trade unionism to Bolshevism are entirely un-Catholic. Where there is no direct antagonism, we are simply ignored. Catholicism does not figure in the consciousness of these men as a means of social justice.

Is this our fault? Have we failed as followers of a carpenter and of lowly fishermen? Are we too much in the sacristy, as Cardinal Manning complained, and not enough among the dock workers following his example?

Moreover, in a divided Christendom religion has become the tool not only of class against class, but of nation against nation. And Dr. Niebuhr sees no solid hope of permanent universal peace without religious unity. If Dr. Niebuhr is right, the outlook is black. For there is no more chance of getting Rome to accept the proposals of Protestant enthusiasts for union, than of getting Protestants to accept the whole of Catholicism. A miracle of grace is needed to heal the rents in Christ's seamless garment. And what are we doing to deserve the miracle?

J. Elliot Ross.

Father Vernon's Odyssey

One Lord—One Faith: An Explanation, by Vernon Johnson. London: Sheed and Ward. 3s. 6d.

FATHER VERNON'S book reveals the thought process of one convert to the Faith who had been as firmly Protestant as he later became Catholic; a convert who was also a clergyman of the Church of England with a distrust and distaste for things Popish.

Father Vernon had read, he tells us, the autobiography of Saint Teresa which a Catholic nun had given him. He was unimpressed with what he termed its child-like innocence. He went to Lisieux, however, and there amid the many souvenirs of her life he felt for the first time that he was in the actual presence of the supernatural. He made a second visit to Lisieux and was convinced that there, in modern times, a true saint had lived whose faith had been the Catholic Faith. His experiences at Lisieux set into flame a train of thought that had been smoldering for many years and he found himself turning from his Anglo-Catholic convictions toward those of the Catholic Church.

Faith drew him but his reason repelled submission to the Church. He decided at length to examine the reasons which he felt were inexorably leading him to the brink of conversion. He was the pastor of a large flock and his position in the Church of England was of sufficient importance so that his conversion would greatly influence the lives of many. Criticism must follow his submission; he would be regarded as a traitor; his sheep would be left without their shepherd. For these reasons, and because he still felt considerable doubt, he decided to examine every motive that impelled him forward.

To Father Vernon the Catholic Church was a foreign church. The French, the Spaniards, the Irish were Catholics, but not the English. He fought against it as an autumn leaf might fight against the wind and then, as suddenly, he succumbed to it and was swept away with every emotional and mental faculty keenly alive to his new experience.

The completeness with which Father Vernon examined the Church is set forth in beautiful prose in his book and his findings constitute a remarkable document. The Authority of Our Lord, the Church in the New Testament and the Papacy in the New Testament, difficulties which beset every honest and intelligent convert, are here presented with remarkable clearness. If Father Vernon has left anything unsaid, any Protestant doubts unanswered, it is the doubt concerning the veracity of the Gospels and their authenticity. Elsewhere he answers all the questions that presented themselves to him with a completeness which will be a joy to the Catholic and a revelation to the Protestant inquiring into the Church.

Not propaganda, not an apologia, it is an explanation to the people he left behind him in his old faith. It is a little Agony and a Golgotha such as Catholics seldom are called upon to undergo.

Stuart D. Goulding.

Exodus

Shepherd of Israel, by Leonora Eyles. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

LEONORA EYLES has written what is in every way a remarkable work, and the only reproach which I offer is that it leaves us in doubt as to what her real beliefs are. Did she intend her book to be an apology of Judaism such as it was conceived by Moses, or did she simply mean to present to us the moving story of his achievements and the migration of the Hebrews out of Egypt toward the plains of Palestine? I will confess that I have not been able to come to a conclusion on this point, nor to make up my mind as to whether she is herself a Jew or a Gentile. All I know is that she is a writer with a brilliant imagination, and a deep sense of veneration for all the great facts and events of history which confront us constantly in life.

The book contains passages of a lyric grandeur that place it miles above the usual historical novels. I like exceedingly its last ten pages. There is real greatness in the paragraph which says that "the spirit of God would struggle through in men, giving here a vision, there a law; and men by their flesh would defile it. Yet ever friends of God would appear on the earth, helpers of God. . . . fighting as allies with Him for the kingdom of man, and in the end God would win."

Catherine Radziwill.

Comfortable

Adventurous America, by Edwin Mims. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THIS is a brave attempt on the part of Professor Mims to accommodate the horrid implications of ultra-modern metaphysics and the comfortable conviction that all is for the best in the best possible of worlds, to which school of thought he himself adheres. He seeks an antidote for Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch and the modern temper, and finds it in the unquenchable spirit of adventure which distinguishes America no less in the twentieth century than it did in the eighteenth. In spite of a tendency to rationalization, particularly in his treatment of religion, he has made out a case which appears to satisfy himself, and will, if it gains a hearing, bring comfort to many helpless book club members, who have been so gratuitously supplied with doubts they never expected to have. The method

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employed, however, is not that of reasoned philosophic continuity, but is rather that of a balancing of testimony pro and con, and a resolution of difficulties through compromise and the golden mean; as if truth were always to be found in the striking of an average.

Professor Mims is appalled by the audacity and ruthlessness of the moderns—as are most normal people—and dreads on the other hand being "the last to lay the old aside." Hence his rather lame dependence upon compromise to bring about the peace of mind which he very obviously set out to acquire. He and other frightened commentators appear to ignore the fact that the human soul is independent of change, while the mind is dynamic and invents progress upon which to spend its energies. It is not by any means certain that *all* values must submit themselves to evolutionary influence.

While Adventurous America cannot be accepted as a contribution to philosophical thought, it does have value: first, as bibliography with brief commentary and copious quotation; and, secondly because of its timeliness in accentuating the recent and momentous discovery that materialistic thought is at the end of its tether; that it is beginning to be aware of a circumscription which in another hundred years will set it apart as a curious and at the same time unimportant phase of contemporary philosophy.

C. L. Fox.

Upstream Again

A Solitary Parade, by Frederick Hackenburg. New York: The Thistle Press. $3.00.

IT IS to be feared that Mr. Hackenburg, as author, will find himself lone as he was when an Albany assemblyman and that the title of his book will be descriptive of its fate. Yet such neglect will certainly be undeserved for many can find profit, as well as entertainment, in this account of a naturalized immigrant's participation in New York politics and his voluntary withdrawal at the moment when his career was mounting to a climax, because his ideals would not permit him to continue.

A Solitary Parade is a complacent book. Mr. Hackenburg was a little bit too sure of his own rightness as "a leader of lost causes on Capitol Hill" and more than a little bit too convinced of the value of what he achieved in his political heydey. Nevertheless it would not be fair to dismiss his indictment of Tammany Hall and Tammany Hall leaders as the colored accusations of a sorehead. Even Tammany itself has repudiated the idea that there is a new Tammany. Mr. Hackenburg's exposition of the evolution of a district leader, his power and his benevolent despotism, is no exaggeration. Nor does one need to have read far into legislative annals to know that what he has to say about the involved procedure of lawmaking is undiluted truth.

In his time Mr. Hackenburg met and worked with many who have since been prominent in his state's affairs and a few who are known internationally. His impressions of Alfred E. Smith were inferentially unfavorable but his summary disposal of the man, who as governor headed the party to which the author adhered, is neither fair to Mr. Smith nor to the reader. Somewhat in the same fashion is his whitewashing of Frank Harris's senile literary offenses. One must deplore, also, the fact that the delightful passages descriptive of New York life in the nineties stand alone as a vivid background against which this minor tragedy in the warfare between idealistic and practical politics is acted.

John Gilland Brunini.

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Briefer Mention

Letters of Thomas Sergeant Perry; edited by Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

AS AN index to the American Brahmin mind during the past half-century, the letters of Mr. Perry are nothing short of priceless. He was a whimsical, studious, wise, Protestant and occasionally crusty aristocrat, who held the attention of some of the best minds of his age. Reporting that he had subscribed to le Temps for nearly forty years, he confessed that his countrymen were "much tainted with barbarous ways." Nevertheless he enjoyed observing them attentively, described the New Republic as "another red sheet that worships Lenin and Trotzky and at times contains readable articles on books," shrugged his shoulders at the "Church of Rome," and despised the movies. Perry really lived inside his library, and his remarks about books are often singularly acute. The introduction by Mr. Robinson is shrewd, acidy and pleasant to the taste.

A Crown for Carlotta, by Daniel Henderson. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

THIS book is not accurate enough in its personal details to be history, and on the other hand there is almost too much real history in it to class it as a novel. But after one has said this, it is impossible not to praise the style of the author, nor to succumb to the interest which he contrives to maintain all through its pages. Behind it all there is a deep knowledge of the conditions under which was enacted the drama of Queretaro, and all the circumstances which led to it. The personalities of Prince and Princess Salm-Salm are well portrayed, and the pages describing the sad journey of Carlotta to Paris and Rome leave one breathless with the interest which is sustained in them throughout.

The Pageant of America, Volume II: The Lure of the Frontier, by Ralph Henry Gabriel. New York: The Yale University Press.

NECESSARILY the limits of one volume compress the history of the American frontiers into brief sketches. At the same time Volume II of the Pageant of America series omits none of the vital details of an epic story which mainly involves the white man's conquest of woodland, prairie and desert, and his subjection of the Indians. As a result the book will be a valuable acquisition for the historical student and a fascinating one to place in the hands of children who have reached the wild-west-story age.

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